

A SPECIAL
CHRISTMAS ALBUM

A wonderland
of children's
books

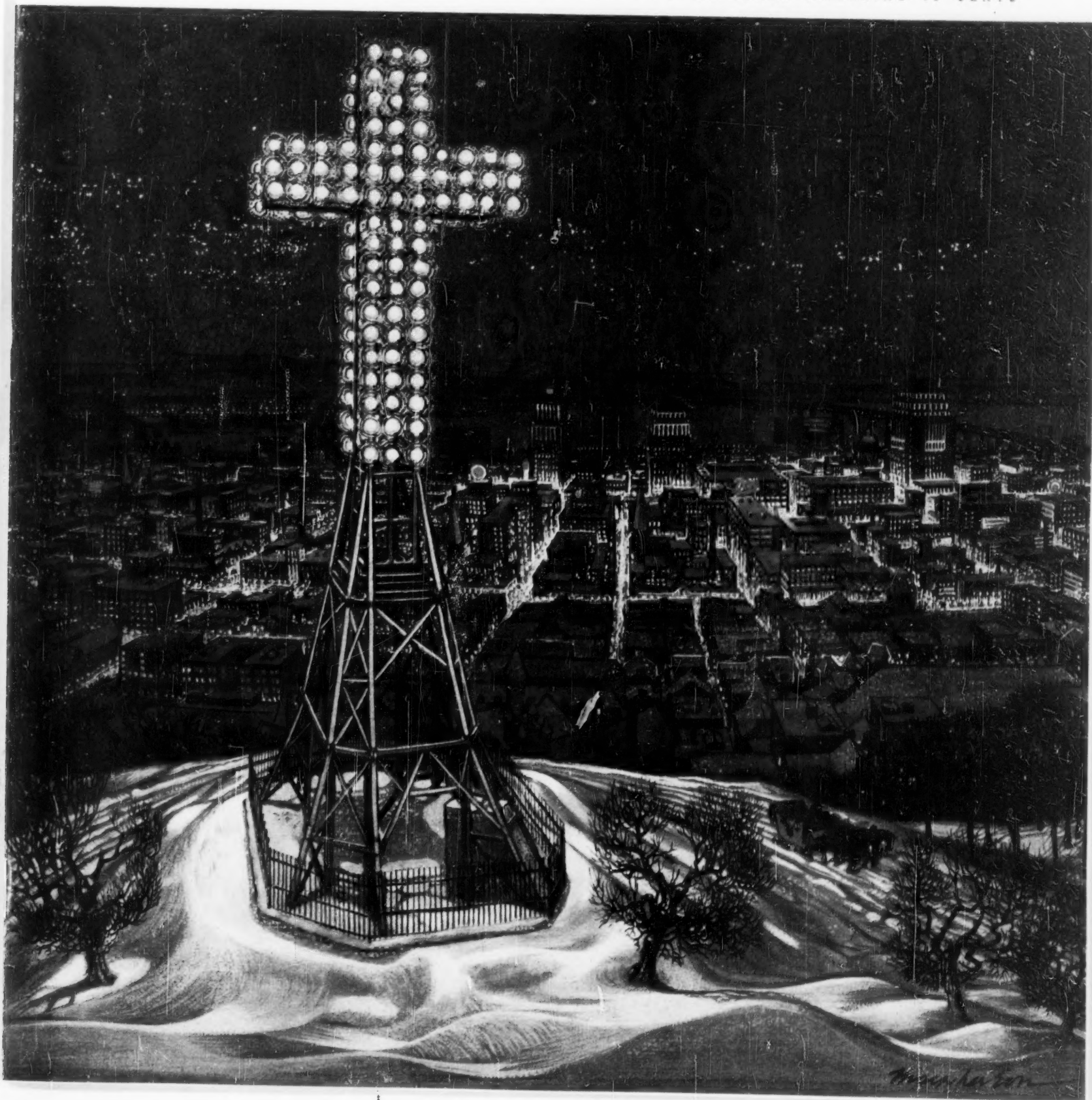
COVER: Montreal at night, by Duncan Macpherson

What it's like being married to John Diefenbaker

BROCK CHISHOLM: THE PITFALLS OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

MACLEAN'S

DECEMBER 21 1957 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



Psst... Here's the low-down for a
BUSY SANTA CLAUS



Where there's a B of M there's a way!

...to solve your Christmas shopping problems

If you are a busy Santa Claus with a long list to take care of, be sure to include a visit to "MY BANK" on your shopping tour. Here you will find a number of gift-ideas that are guaranteed to give special cheer to everyone on your "what-do-they-need?" list.

For tots and teen-agers...

Youngsters rank high on anyone's list, and there's an extra, special gift that's bound to make a hit — a *Savings Account*, complete with passbook designed to appeal to the small fry. And wait 'til you see the gay yuletide passbook cover — just right for the occasion.



...and others, too

For the hard-to-choose-for, festively-decorated cheques that come in Christmas envelopes and folders provide a short cut to your shopping problems. For out-of-towners, who like to buy for themselves, practical B of M money orders enclosed in holly-decked envelopes can save you needless worry and guesswork.

And if you are an employer, you can give your staff bonus a yuletide lift by using special B of M Christmas cheques.



BANK OF MONTREAL
Canada's First Bank

Remember — there's an easy way of beating that last-minute rush for Christmas presents — and it leads straight to the B of M branch in your neighborhood.

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 21, 1957

MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ The school that will scoop Canada on UHF TV
- ✓ Portable pensions: new deal for small-firm men
- ✓ How far will church control of TV be carried?

WHILE THE CBC MULLS OVER its policy on ultra-high-frequency TV (which uses channels 14 to 83), Toronto's Ryerson Institute of Technology is jumping in with the country's first UHF station. Work on a transmitter starts this spring; by late 1959 student operators will be on the air with UHF educational programs. Sometime after 1960 they'll be ready to scoop Canada on color telecasting to boot, if the CBC is still debating that field.

SAY GOOD-BY TO THE BOWLING-ALLEY PINBOY. By 1959 Toronto-made machines will be setting-them-up in many of the 8,000 five-pin alleys west of Quebec; eventually all 4,000 of their pinboys will go. Machines to cope with Quebec's duckpins and the Maritimes candlepins, both ten-pin games, will take longer to perfect. But the east's 1,000 pinboys won't last either; already half the ten-pin lanes in the U.S. are being re-set mechanically.

"PORTABLE" PENSIONS are on the way; they go with you when you switch jobs. First to get them: 30,000 members of the national Retail Merchants Association and their employees, who'll put the scheme to a vote at their annual meeting next June. General manager David Gilbert is "positive the plan will be adopted." It clears the way to pension security for hundreds of thousands of Canadians who've been disqualified because their employers' payrolls were too small for group plans.



ALL EYES AT THE BEACH next summer will be on the rear exposure. Bathing suits will plunge deep in the back, climb modestly higher in front. Neck-and-waist-lines on the backless suits will be embellished; swim, step into a skirt, and you'll be dressed for cocktails. So the designers say.

DESPITE HEADLINED DEMANDS for more Catholic control of TV and radio programs, tight censorship won't happen here. Cardinal McGuigan will mount pressure on MPs through constituents; priests will approach individual writers and sponsors, as they have Roger Lemelin over "irreverent" incidents in *Les Plouffes*. But the CBC threw out a request to scrutinize René Levesque's newscasts in advance, which suggests they'll resist plans for a Catholic committee to patrol scripts formally. Protestants are satisfied with the National Religious Advisory Council, a 14-churchman board that advises on religious programs and patrols some other rehearsals. They've sometimes eliminated boozing scenes and "sexy" costumes, but "we don't want censorship powers. It's dangerous."

FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS FRANCIS HUXLEY, anthropologist son of biologist Julian Huxley and nephew of novelist Aldous Huxley, will be making an "informal" study of living conditions among mental patients at Weyburn, Sask. Huxley, whose *The Affable Savages* was widely read even by laymen, met Weyburn chief Humphry Osmond (Maclean's, Aug. 31) in the U.S., was "fascinated by his forward approach and thought I'd try to help."

EXPECT TO SEE MORE PROFESSIONAL Canadian plays than ever before. The combination of Gratien Gelinas' bilingual Montreal theatre and Toronto's Crest has commissioned four: the first, *Bright Sun at Midnight* by former Maclean's staffer John Gray, already produced in Toronto. But the big push comes from a \$76,800 competition bankrolled by an unnamed brewery and run by the new Canadian Quo Vadis Foundation of Art-Drama-Music. Hundreds (including an RCMP constable stationed inside the Arctic Circle) are jostling for the \$10,000 first prize. A third of the entries are in French; six of ten are comedies and musicals; the winner named on May 30 will see his script produced by professionals in both languages.

WATCH FOR A SPRINT TO FAME BY TWO YOUNG MASSEYS A SEARING STORY / AN EX-EVANGELIST IN TV



Anna and brother Daniel

BOY AND GIRL TO WATCH: The next generation of the eminent Masseys, Daniel, 24, and Anna, 20, both British-born—Raymond's their father, Vincent their uncle—is storming fame on the stage. After a bare 16 months as a professional, Daniel opened in London recently in *The Happiest Millionaire* and won high praise over the head of lead Walter Pidgeon. He's out to crash U.K. musical films—never *Hamlet* and not Hollywood because "I'm not easily cast as beefcake." Does this put him ahead of his "great challenge," sister

Anna, a hit in *The Reluctant Debutante* and now star of *Dear Delinquent*? "No — she's too damn good."

BOOK TO WATCH: Movie-makers will look hard at Toronto article-fiction-film script-writer **Charles Israelf's** forthcoming novel, *The Mark*. It started as a radio play; he built it into a TV drama. Now Canadian, British and U.S. publishers will present it, early next spring, between hard covers—the story of a cured sexual psychopath who is discovered and dragged through "trial by newspaper."

MAN TO WATCH: Rev. **Charles Templeton**, former sports cartoonist, one-time evangelist and colleague of Billy Graham, Princeton graduate and Presbyterian minister, who has left the ecclesiastical world to become one of CBC-TV's brightest personalities (*Close-up* program, Sundays). Templeton believes he can get his message across more subtly and effectively if he's out of the pulpit.

PREVIEWING 1958 No boom but no bust either

NEXT YEAR, with the world on the threshold of space and a business shake-up settling in at home, is a chancier prospect than we've faced for a decade. But here are a few certainties and some strong probabilities:

THE ECONOMY: Some Canadian industries could have one of their worst postwar years. But sagging sales won't drag the whole economy down. Basically our business machine is healthy. By next fall, economists believe, capital expenditures should be sparking another boom.

POLITICS: Most Ottawa experts now feel sure there'll be a federal election in '58; Manitoba will fight a provincial campaign.

TRAVEL: Air—Transport officials say there's a "strong possibility" we'll get an alternate cross-country airline, most likely CPA. Road—P. E. I., Alberta and Manitoba will complete their sections of the Trans-Canada Highway. Space—Our stake will be in space law. First laws to govern things like rocket-ship

right-of-way have been drafted by Montreal's International Civil Aviation Organization, will be put before the UN early next year. Meanwhile the first book on legal problems of space, e.g. how high does national sovereignty extend overhead?, will be published in 1958 by McGill lecturer J. C. Cooper.

POPULATION: DBS figures indicate we'll pass 17 million by next May.

LABOR: The CLC will be shooting for a royal commission to investigate ways-and-means of settling industrial disputes; increased unemployment benefits; a standing advisory committee on immigration.

TELEVISION: The CBC's coast-to-coast micro-wave relay network, delayed by engineering headaches in the Rockies, will be ready by summer.

SPORT: We'll be at the British Empire Games at Cardiff, Wales, but our 100 athletes will be undermanned-and-gunned compared to the all-out drive we mounted at Vancouver in '54.

LAVISH NEW HOTEL What guests will see at Q.E.

THE SPLASHIEST EVENT in Montreal's high-living history is tabled for April 15 or 16, when the CNR and the Hilton hotel chain will throw open their big flossy controversial Queen Elizabeth Hotel — or *La Reine E.*

Here are the highlights of what first-night guests, probably greeted by Guy Lombardo's music, will see:

Size: the Commonwealth's largest — till Toronto's Royal York opens its annex in 1959 — hostelry with 1,215 rooms, 4 banquet halls.

People: General manager Donald Mumford, a Hilton man for 30 years though he's only 48, running the show with Canadian aides, a bilingual staff of about 1,200, some French chefs.

Décor: a hotel-wide gallery of original "Québécoise" art by Canadians; *Joie de vivre*-themed murals by Albert Cloutier, a huge hooked tapestry by Jean Dallaire, a stained-glass window by Marius Plamondon, carved-pine panels and figures by Alphonse Pare. Rooms in six color schemes, with burn-proof furniture.

Night-life and Names: 4 French-titled cocktail lounges: *Les Voyageurs*; *Le Rendez-vous*; *Le Bistrot*; and, on the 21st floor, *Le Panorama*. A muraled main dining room, *Salle Bonaventure*, a grill room, and 11 private dining rooms.

Luxuries: the world's first all-air-conditioned hotel with electronic control. Guests will dial their own temperature and humidity in every room; dial their choice of radio, TV or taped music on a miniature house network.

The Q.E., Hilton men say, will double Montreal's convention trade; already it has 160 booked up to 1967. The hotel will pay employees \$3 million, buy food worth \$1.5 million and liquor worth \$600,000 every year. "We're going to put Montreal in the Big League," says manager Mumford.

— KEN JOHNSTONE



Lombardo

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER

Could a U.S. general push us over the "brink"?



IS THERE AN ISSUE of Canadian sovereignty in the joint command of North American air defense, now operating at Colorado Springs?

Liberals seem to think there is. Their questions in parliament imply that the Diefenbaker government has handed over control of Canada's armed forces to an American general and abdicated its right to declare war. Some American generals give valuable help to the Grits in building up this notion, with their talk about push-button warfare on split-second notice.

Conservatives say this is all nonsense. They deny that they've given up any Canadian sovereignty, or any more than the bare minimum required for national safety. Also, they say that what little they have given up was all arranged and approved under the Liberals. George Pearkes, as minister of national defense, has merely carried out the plans of his Liberal predecessor, Ralph Campney. Prime Minister Diefenbaker has put on record in Hansard a paraphrase of Campney correspondence, which assured Washington that there wouldn't be any real difficulty about the joint command but that "formal approval" must wait until after the election, lest it become a "political issue."

The Liberals did indeed come close to the step the Conservatives have taken, perhaps too close to make a fuss about it now. However, there is a difference between the situation now and

the situation of last spring. Some people in Ottawa feel that we have gone a little too far, or anyway a little too fast, in accepting joint command without a clear firm agreement on the commander's power and authority. These people hope the question won't become a party issue, just so the government will have less trouble and embarrassment in drawing back from the position it has taken.

There is no argument whatever about the worth of co-operation in war. That has been an accepted fact for twenty years.

Ever since 1938 the armed forces of the two countries have planned a joint defense of this continent. The Ogdensburg agreement, published by Mackenzie King and F. D. Roosevelt in 1940, made this co-operation formal and acknowledged. Since then it has come ever closer. In both Ottawa and Washington, continental defense has been treated as a single problem. The Royal Canadian Air Force base at St. Hubert, outside Montreal, is as close to Colorado Springs in communications as if the two bases were in the same town. This has been true for several years—the arrangements were set up when Brooke Claxton was defense minister, before Ralph Campney took over.

This means that if Canada and the United States declare war, their forces on this continent immediately begin to act as one. The same is true, of course,

if the continent is suddenly attacked. If Russian bombers were to invade us across the Arctic, there'd be no need to wait for authority to shoot them down—not only an American general but a Canadian sergeant could do it without orders from anybody.

The doubts arise not about co-operation in war, but about consultation on the brink of war.

No matter what any general may say at a press conference, no soldier has power to put the United States of America into a state of war. He would have to get authorization from his commander-in-chief, the president of the United States, who in turn derives his authority from Congress. Even to declare a state of alert, the commander of NORAD would certainly have to consult Washington.

The still-open question is, would he also have to consult Ottawa. Pearkes says yes, of course he would. Campney thought the same; when he recommended the joint command to the Liberal cabinet last February, he made it clear that the U.S. would have to recognize "the need for adequate consultation with the Canadian authorities on matters that might lead to the alerting of the air-defense system." Both ministers, and the chiefs-of-staff who advise them, were evidently satisfied that this consultation had been clearly promised and would in fact take place. However, there is no formal agree-

ment to say it must. Some others in Ottawa are a little less trusting about it. They point out that Canada and other allies have had experience with "consultation" before. Sometimes it has consisted merely of a telephone call to say that an action or decision has already been taken.

You may think the point is academic—after all, if a major war breaks out between the Soviet bloc and the NATO alliance, what does it matter whether Ottawa is consulted or not?

But the question may arise over something much less clear-cut than an attack on a NATO member. Consider this hypothetical case: suppose Communist China should decide to take Formosa, either by invasion or by supporting a revolt against Chiang Kai-shek, or both. Suppose the U.S. should then react by putting all its forces on a war footing, as a threatening gesture to deter the Chinese. If the American general at NORAD is told to put his command on a war footing too, what would be the position of Canadian forces in that command?

Here, obviously, is a situation where the Canadian government would want to be consulted well in advance and be a full consenting party to any action taken. There is no formal agreement to stipulate this. It's not too late, though. There is no reason why we shouldn't get one yet. In fact, the matter is not as urgent now as it might become in a year or two.

At present all bases on Canadian soil are purely defensive. No massive retaliation can start from here. The Dewline, Mid-Canada and Pinetree lines are mere sentries to give warning of a Soviet attack across the Arctic, an attack which would in itself settle all arguments about what to do next.

The attack these sentries would detect and (we hope) repel would be an attack by old-fashioned, air-breathing, manned bombers. Equally old-fashioned manned fighters (including the one just now beginning to go into production) would take to the air to meet them. A sneak attack of this kind would be most unlikely—in fact, it's considered to be impossible. There would almost certainly be some warning of it, and thus time for both governments to be fully aware of the danger.

Of course, such attacks are already obsolete. The Russians say they have missiles able to land on any target in the world, and Sputnik proves they are not boasting empty. At the very most, they are pretending to have now what they won't have until next month or next year.

So far, we have no defense against these weapons. Our early-warning lines would not be able to see them, any more than our manned fighters would be able to catch them. When John Foster Dulles spoke of Dewline radar stations being supported by missile-launching bases, he was speaking of the future. No such missiles now exist.

When we do get ground-to-air missiles of a kind able to intercept a Russian ICBM, the same bases might be capable of launching a counter-ICBM of our own. Then, maybe Canada could become the starting point of an attack.

In that event, obviously, there would be far more urgent reason than there is now to ensure that any joint action is really joint, that Canada is a consenting partner, not a mere kite-tail. ★



BACKSTAGE WITH MR. CHURCHILL

Some memorable new quotes from the old master's finest hour

QUOTES FROM THE most quotable man since Shakespeare are growing in volume as the men who knew Winston Churchill best continue to get it off their chests.

Some of the liveliest new Churchilliana will soon be published by Nelson, Foster & Scott, in *The Business of War* by Major-General Sir John Kennedy, director of military operations at the War Office from 1940 to 1945.

Here are Kennedy's memories of some of Churchill's most pungent words:

About his chiefs-of-staff (as they filed out of his room after a midnight meeting): "I have to wage modern war with ancient weapons."

About a new Admiralty building: "They have put up a very strong place there—masses of concrete and tons of steel. Taking into account the fact that their heads are of solid bone, they ought to be quite safe inside."

About middle-of-the-night brainstorms: "A philosopher dreamt he saw the secret of the universe and, realizing it was a remarkable dream he might forget, wrote it down. When he awoke he reached to read what the secret of the universe was and found he had written, 'A strong smell of turpentine pervades the whole'—which illustrates the point that bright ideas in



Kennedy and his boss

Backstage WITH STUDENTS WHO FLUNK / Where are high schools toughest?

WHILE 700 BRAINS-AND-BUSINESS leaders are matching notes in Ottawa next February on how to step up our output of pure and applied scientists, a royal commission in Manitoba will be trying to decide if high schools are already shooting far above many kids' heads.

One in three of the grade 12 students who write exams is failing; like all parents of flunked-out kids, Manitobans want to know if teaching methods are too slack, courses too tough or exams too stiff. Elsewhere, parents of *cum laude* scholars wonder if their youngsters would have learned even more in a province with higher standards.

Here's a check on how hard each province bears down on examinations. The following table shows the most recent university entrance failure rates. But it's only a rough guide. The N.S. and Nfld. figures show failures in one exam or more, not an average. And

most provinces "recommend" a certain number of students, who are not required to write exams at all. Failures:

B. C. . . 15.5 %	N. S. . . 45.2 %
Alta. . . 15 %	N. B. . . 16 %
Sask. . . 17.6 %	P. E. I. . . 17.5 %
Man. . . 30.2 %	Nfld. . . 40 %
Ont. . . 18.25 %	
Protestant Quebec . . . 25 %	
Catholic Quebec . . . 11 %	

Comparing failure rates, says Dr. Andrew Moore of Winnipeg's school board, is "like comparing a horse and an onion" because of varying courses, different examinations and grading methods.

Failures in the three far-western provinces don't vary greatly. Because marks are "scaled" against a curve or average, the proportion of passes and failures stays much the same. Anyway, UBC president Norman MacKenzie is more interested in "intelligent youngsters"

the middle of the night are not always very bright in the morning."

About the Middle-East situation (April 1941): "Wavell has 400,000 men. If they lose Egypt, blood will flow. I will have firing parties to shoot the generals."

About Hitler's thrust into Russia: "Yes, I'm afraid Moscow is a gone coon."

About the Japanese war: "When we start bombing Japan from Russia, I will sing—

*Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire and your
children are gone.*"

About Stalin (at the Teheran Conference): Stalin referred to his "good friend, Mr. Churchill," and added, "I hope I may call him my good friend." Churchill was heard to mutter, "Yes, you may call me 'Winston' if you like—I always call you 'Joe' when you aren't there."

About Eisenhower: "I do not know whether he is a good general or not . . . I do not know what good generalship consists of—it must be some sort of sleight of hand."

than "mechanical" exams: "I don't care what bits of paper they have."

But Manitoba, like Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, marks every student against a fixed grade. This makes Education Minister Miller believe Manitoba's exams are tougher than most: "Our people get into other universities easily but outside graduates often have trouble getting in here."

Most provinces admit grade 12 students to university, but comparisons are complicated by Ontario, which insists on grade 13, and Quebec and all the Maritime provinces but New Brunswick, where graduates can move into their freshman year at the end of grade 11.

In the welter of conflicting systems and standards all provinces agree on one point: "Schooling should be close to local needs," in the wording of Vancouver schools superintendent Dr. R. Sharp. "Absolute uniformity could be a bad thing."

pick up KVOs with rabbit ears or a simple antenna. A survey shows 40% of those with sets do just that. Jones' ad salesman claim, against 36% for the CBC station, with the balance going to other U.S. stations. Since KVOs began feeding Saturday NHL hockey live off the CBS network—Vancouver's only glimpse of major-league hockey—the response has been "phenomenal," says manager Reid.

The CBC's B.C. chief, Kenneth Caple, shrugs off these claims: "Ratings can be interpreted in countless ways. We're not in competition with KVOs.



Rogan Jones

It's our job to satisfy Canadian needs." "Sure," grins Jones. "The CBC used to be a week behind us with Ed Sullivan. But now we feed it to them live as a gesture of international friendship."

—RAY GARDNER

Background

- ✓ Teachers in the chips
- ✓ Who reads Lester Pearson?
- ✓ Ottawa's "egghead" elite

If you're one of the nine-out-of-ten tax-paying Canadians who work for somebody else, you may be surprised to know that "underpaid" teachers earn a higher average income than any employee group in the country: \$3,399 a year. Next: municipal government workers at \$3,362. Private business employees are third with \$3,334. Who has the big money? 11,000 people with \$50,000 a year; almost half of them live in Ontario.

Toronto, often scorned for its lack-lustre architecture, has snared the attention of at least 1,900 blueprint experts all over the world. That many \$5 brochures outlining a competition for the design of Toronto's new city hall have been ordered by interested architects. In Europe, Italians will outnumber other entrants; in the East Japanese; three Mexicans came up to look over the site. Eight finalists will each pick up \$7,500; the winner will pocket the 6% commission on the \$18,000,000 structure. "We'll get the best contemporary design in the world," says U. of T. architecture professor E. R. Arthur, one of the judges.

"I joined the re-porters' union after being expelled from the union of foreign ministers," says **Lester B. Pearson**, who last summer began writing a weekly column at the urging of the Toronto



Reporter Pearson

Star syndicate. He's now read in twenty-five Canadian dailies; the Denver Post, the Minneapolis Tribune, the Manchester Guardian, the Oslo, Norway, Aftenposten, and the Statesman of India. "I enjoy writing it, but I doubt I'll ever win the Nobel literature award." Is it permanent? "I don't think I could carry it if I had added responsibilities," says Liberal leadership candidate Pearson.

Would you be more careful if you knew in advance what an accident was going to cost? Here's one way to find out: these are the average prices Canadians pay for their most expensive mishaps. Injury in a burning building, \$840. Asphyxiation, \$667. Assault (when you're the victim), \$350. Falls: from a scaffold, \$213; into a ditch, \$200; off a ladder, \$170. Say you walked into a door—but don't—it costs \$64, only \$14 less than a tumble getting out of bed.

One unsung upshot of the Conserva-tive comeback is a concentration of "eggheads" in parliament that's rarely been matched: six Rhodes scholars are now MPs. One, former fisheries minister James Sinclair, is a Liberal. The others are Conservatives Davie Fulton, justice minister; Roland Michener, house speaker; ministers without portfolio W. J. Browne and James Macdonell; and M. J. A. Lambert.

Backstage WITH PRIVATE TV / How one American cashes in on the CBC monopoly

THE LEGAL UMBRELLA that shelters the CBC's big-city TV stations from local competition is no protection against private U.S. stations; a handful of opportunists in places like Plattsburg, N.Y. (opposite Montreal), and Buffalo are proving it by dipping into Canada for both viewers and sponsors. But the past-master of piggy-backing on the CBC's monopoly is Rogan Jones of Bellingham, Wash., whose KVOs-TV bombards southern B.C. from 69 miles below the border seven days a week with CBS network shows, canned-series shows, old movies and endless commercials.

Four-fifths of the advertisers and three-quarters of the audience are Canadian, and the handful who actually live in Bellingham sometimes feel abused. Earlier this year, for example, they were hit by 151 puzzling plugs to vote Conservative, Liberal or Social Credit (the CCF couldn't afford any).

A staff of 15 scrambles to sell and produce the ads in the Vancouver office, KVOs-TV (Canada) Ltd. "We

produce more commercials than any other TV station on the continent," boasts manager Gordon Reid, a Canadian. "KVOs is an animated electronic billboard," snap back defenders of the CBC, which is under fire for keeping private Canadian stations out while Jones cashes in. With everything to gain from the CBC's one-channel policy, Jones himself pours verbal oil on suggestions of friction: "The CBC are nice people."

When he followed 32 years of radio broadcasting in the Bellingham (pop. 35,000) area with KVOs-TV in 1953—about five months before CBC's CBUT went on the air—Jones was working with \$80,000 worth of U.S. army surplus equipment. He won't say how much money he's made since by cultivating the CBC's vineyard, but his Bellingham studios, and their powerful transmitter mounted on an off-shore island for a clear shot at the southwestern corner of B.C., are now worth half a million.

Almost any Vancouver home can

Editorial

NATO can't frighten Khrushchev— so let's decide on our compromises

WHEN THE NORTH ATLANTIC LEADERS meet at Paris this month, what good can they hope to do?

Obviously, NATO needs a lift of some kind. The French are furious at the Americans and British for sending arms to Tunisia. The Americans are still resentful of the British and the French, and vice versa, over Suez last year. Europe itself is rent by wrangles between the Ins and the Outs of the European Common Market. Cyprus keeps the Greeks and the Turks furious at each other, and both furious at Britain. All the smaller allies are annoyed at the Americans for basing European defense on atomic weapons, and then keeping the ammunition at home. To override these divisions there is only the grim shadow of Sputnik II, the threat that promoted a routine meeting of the North Atlantic Council into a conference of heads of state.

But the more we declaim that NATO must do something dramatic and effective, the more echo answers "What?"

Proclaim our unity and solidarity against the Communist menace? We've been doing that since 1948, and it never sounded as hollow as it does now. There have been reports from Washington that the Paris meeting might set up a new, global alliance against communism, but this could hardly be very impressive. Khrushchev will not blanch at the news that Thailand is giving moral support to Luxembourg, or that SEATO is joining NATO.

Devise some peaceful function for the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, so that it shall be "more than a military pact"? That was done in 1956. Lester B. Pearson and two others were named to a "Three Wise Men" committee for the purpose. After much travel and thought they came up with the suggestion that NATO members should consult each other more often, before doing things that might affect allied nations. Everybody agreed—but the British and the Americans did not consult the North Atlantic Council this autumn when they decided to send arms to Tunisia.

What's left?

Nothing sensational, but one thing at least that is important. NATO might start now to consider what the Western alliance can say to the Soviet alliance when the time comes, as it must come, for a true "summit" conference.

It's no less true for being a truism that the only alternative to mutual suicide is negotiation between the enemy camps. To have any hope of success in such negotiation, both sides must be ready to give some ground, make some concessions. When the conference takes place, the Big Two or perhaps even the Big One will be doing all the talking for our side—but the ground given and the ground gained will affect every one of us. Now, surely, is the time for all nations of the Western alliance to consider what compromises they might be asked to make, what they can do and what they should refuse to do. Now is the time to make sure that our big spokesmen understand where the interests of their smaller allies lie.

This of course is mere groundwork for the real task—to make some peaceful and peace-creative move toward the Soviet Union. If we can't do that eventually, no enlargement of NATO can save us from blowing ourselves to bits.

Mailbag

- Is Dec. 25th a holdover from Sun Worship?
- One man's view of western football: dull and slow
- Does Sputnik prove that total materialism works?

Having Christmas fall on a Monday (Editorial, Nov. 23): How low can some people think? Not even our Saviour's birthday is safe. People who suggest such things think only of themselves and the fact that they don't have to work—not the holiday and its meaning. Would the writer think of celebrating his birthday whether it was the proper date or not? Queen Victoria's birthday should never have been moved from May 24.—MRS. L. THOMPSON, SPRINGFIELD, KINGS COUNTY, N.B.

➤ The 25th of December is nothing but a left-over tradition from Sun Worship. Since it has nothing whatever to do with the birth of Christ, I heartily agree it too should become a Monday holiday.—ELISABETH CALVER, TORONTO.

Eastern football twice as exciting?

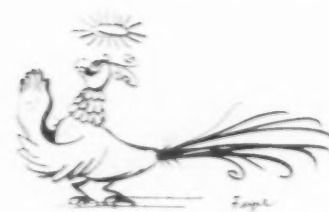
Re John Kerns' Why the West will win the Grey Cup (Nov. 23): I've lived in Toronto and Montreal and I've watched a few games in Hamilton too. For the past two falls I've been taking in WIFU games. I'm canceling my season tickets to the B.C. Lions' games. Not because they're not winning, but because I saw more exciting, entertaining football in one game at Molson stadium watching Alouettes than I have seen in two seasons of play in the west.—NED LOWE, VANCOUVER.

Birth control trial—or comedy?

The Great Birth Control Trial, by Bill Stephenson (Nov. 23), is disgusting. To the thousands of French Canadians and to every Canadian with a head on his shoulders it will appear clearly that this trial was a comedy.—LOUISE MONTEAU, MONTREAL.

Pheasants at Montreal's door

I am surprised you ignore (Preview, Oct. 26) that at the doors of Montreal we've raised 7,000 pheasants annually for the last 15 years. This is about



three quarters of the number of pheasants raised by the 40 breeders in Ontario. Pheasants from around the Oka Monastery are served by the best hotels and clubs in Montreal. Probably you had not the occasion to take a meal there.—BROTHER M. LAURENT, LA TRAPPE D'OKA, QUE.

Who's taken in by "years-ahead" cars?

If Robert Thomas Allen has convinced your readers that we've taken the fun out of motoring (Nov. 9) he will be

robbing the motor tycoons of the country's greatest scientific achievement, that of kidding the public that the car they bought last year, that "was years ahead in every way," is outdated this year. How gullible can we get?—A. OSBORN, STANSTEAD, QUE.

The motorcycle? It's a way of life

As an outlaw, and saddle tramp rider, I was interested in your Nov. 9 article on The Private World of the Motorcyclist, by John Clare. I have always operated my three different bikes with caution and safety. Many of the new riders swelling our motorized population are Europeans. To them, the motorcycle is a way of life too—and the



only means of transportation for whole families. On a German road I saw on one machine, father, mother, two kids, and a police dog!—A. FRASER FAIRLIE, TORONTO.

Christianity vs. Sputnik

Hugh MacLennan's article, We Can't Have Christ and Sputnik Too (Nov. 23), was magnificent. At last we have heard something that really makes sense.—E. CARSON, WESTVIEW, B.C.

➤ The apologists for our Western Christian civilization are using the Christ theory to try to discredit the USSR advance in technology, to cover their own frustration at not being first to have a Sputnik in the sky. Remember, it was not the bad Reds who dropped the A-bombs on Japan. The Christ theory has no practical evidence to commend it. I am sure that materialism in both theory and practice will give us a better world to live in.—J. B. BELL, MONTREAL.

➤ My earnest prayer is that our political leaders and others who hold responsibility for influencing public opinion will be guided by the simple wisdom expressed by Mr. MacLennan before it is too late.—PHILIP BISHOP, SACKVILLE, N.B.

➤ The fact that your magazine opens its pages to such freedom of thought should receive the greatest commendation from all free thinking people.—J. ALBERT JOHNSON, VICTORIA.

➤ Let us be honest though we profess to be Christians, hitch our horse to science and forget about mythology—which, in fact, we are doing.—E. O. ANDERSON, CALGARY.

A gripping tragedy

Exceptional is the word for Eric Hutton's article, The Ordeal on Mount Howson (Nov. 23).—E. F. HOLMES, CALGARY. ★

MACLEAN'S

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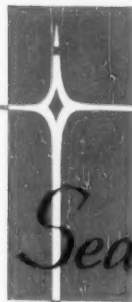


The cover

To paint this picture of Montreal by night, artist **Duncan Macpherson**: 1, climbed Mount Royal; 2, climbed the CBC radio tower (thought better of it, shakily climbed down again); 3, climbed to the top of the new General Hospital; 4, climbed onto sofa — beat.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 21, 1957



Season's Greetings

from

METROPOLITAN LIFE

To all our friends in Canada, we of Metropolitan Life extend our warmest wishes for a Merry Christmas . . . and the happiest of New Years in 1958. † † † In the true spirit of Christmas, our thoughts turn to the gifts with which Divine Providence has enriched our lives. We have warm and enduring ties with families and friends, peace, and that great blessing which more and more of us are enjoying throughout life . . . good health. † † † May you and your family have, in abundant measure, health, happiness, peace of mind at this Holy Season . . . and in all the years ahead.

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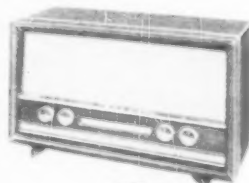
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For the sake of argument



BROCK CHISHOLM EXPLORES

The pitfalls of the Ten Commandments

One of the commonly shared codes is the Ten Commandments. As in many other schemes of ethics, there is very much truth and wisdom in them, but some of them are not as wise as others. For instance, the injunction to honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long in the land was perfectly satisfactory in the kind of system in which it was said: that is, if you didn't honor your father and mother, they were entitled to do you in, because it was that kind of society.

But honoring fathers and mothers now does not necessarily lengthen one's days at all. I think it is much more satisfactory to see fathers and mothers clearly, and they will be honored if they are honorable, they will be respected if they merit respect, they will be loved if they are lovable. But commanding children to do that sort of thing is futile. It doesn't have any useful effect or value.

Let the child decide

In fact, I do not believe the imposing of any commandments on children is effective. I believe that they need an object lesson before them, a picture of what man-and-woman behavior is like at its best, as seen in their fathers and mothers, and then they will grow into that picture more satisfactorily than will children who have commandments imposed upon them.

There are such things, of course, as matters of faith. This, I believe, the child needs to be told perfectly clearly; that something is a matter of faith with the parent, and then it should be explained why the parent believes in or has this particular faith. If it is the accident of his birth, the child should know it. If the parent has been convinced by someone's arguments, that too needs to be told to the child. But the important thing is that just because the parent has adopted a faith, it is not necessary

at all the best faith for a child, or for a child when he grows up. That should be for him to decide, not the parent or anybody else.

Because the childhood of every person remains part of him all his life, it surely is reasonable to suggest that we should never teach anything to children that is not literally true, because children have very literal minds. We must realize that children and grownups are continuous. No person is one year old and then stops being one year old and becomes two years old. No person is five years old and stops being five years old and is ten years old, or stops being ten years old and is twenty or thirty or forty years old. Every person is the accumulated sum of his whole experience.

There is a one-year-old in every grownup extant, still there, with the attitudes the one-year-old child had. Every person extends from infancy to his latest development, but he doesn't stop being one thing when he takes on something else. He adds his experience to his accumulated total, and part of every person has the necessities of the infant, the necessities of the child also, and the necessities of the juvenile, the young adult, and eventually added to it the necessities of the old person. Each part of this extended personality needs its particular types of satisfaction.

This concept is important. Many people feel that it doesn't matter very much what you teach a two-year-old child because he is going to stop being a two-year-old child and after awhile be a five-year-old child, which is a different thing. It isn't. The two-year-old child is still the basis, the foundation, for the five-year-old child, and the five-year-old child is the first or second or fifth story of the building that will be the adult later on. If the five-year-old child is broken up in pieces, if he has conflicts within his personality, if parts of himself are at war—continued on page 44

THIS IS THE SECOND OF TWO ARTICLES BY DR. CHISHOLM, WHO IS VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE WORLD FEDERATION OF MENTAL HEALTH.



6:01



6:02



6:03



6:04

This can happen in your house on Christmas morning. Just put a 60-second Polaroid Land Camera under the tree with his name on it.

SHELL FROM A TO Z — AN ALPHABET

M is for Mother

Housewife, cook, chauffeur, hostess, teacher, glamor girl—she does dozens of jobs well. And make no mistake! She works just as hard as her grandma but gets much more done. Why? Because things like wash-and-wear fabrics and stain-resistant paints are making home routine jobs easier all the time. Who's responsible for so many of these new time-saving products? Mother's little helper—oil.

Machine

This giant carves a super roadway through hills almost as easily as your car will carry you over it. This thirty-ton behemoth and your 6-passenger sedan are both powered by oil to save time, muscles and money. Stand back—the big one's coming through!



Medicine

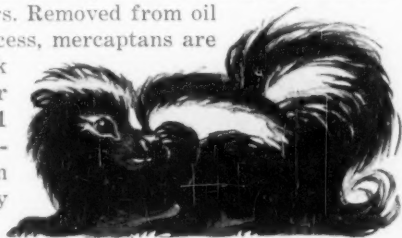
Today's doctors make heap big medicine. More important to little Indians, the medicine is easy to take. Reason: delicious imitation fruit flavors derived from oil chemicals. Be glad your Indian doesn't have to take his medicine straight. (Like you did—remember?)



BET OF GOOD THINGS ABOUT PETROLEUM

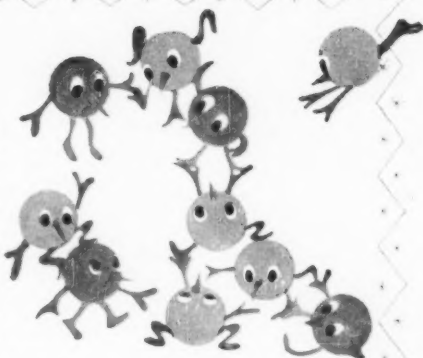
Mercaptans

Even a skunk won't go near the oil derivatives called mercaptans. Yet they're valuable because they are stinkers. Removed from oil by a patented Shell process, mercaptans are used as safe, built-in leak detectors for natural or bottled gas. Less than 1 pound adds an easy-to-sniff smell to one million cubic feet of normally odorless gas.



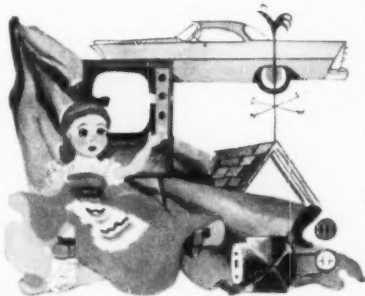
Molecule

What kind do you want? The oilman has "a million of 'em." He gets certain useful oil molecules by simply distilling crude oil. Oil research gets others by combining or rearranging these. You see the results in powerful new gasolines, new soil fumigants for farms and orchards.



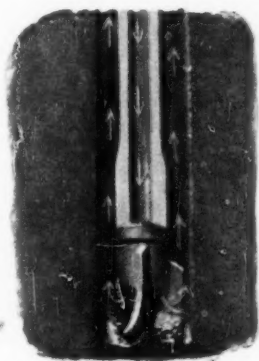
More

In our economy, when we like something—we want more, *demand* more. By 1965, this "more" will have Shell making about 50% more oil products. How will we deliver? By a strong reinvestment programme. Item: The Canadian oil industry plans to spend more than 8 billion dollars in the next decade to bring you oil's 1001 good things.

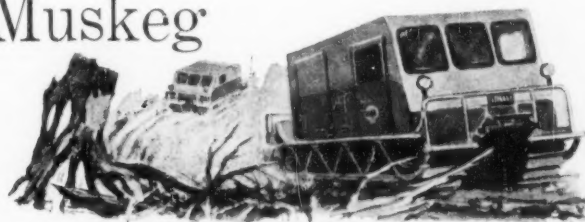


Mud

Kids discovered mud baths ages before Cleopatra. And now even the oilman uses them, though for a different reason. Scientifically compounded drilling muds flush out rock cuttings, cool the drill bit, prevent the sides of the drill hole from caving in, and help seal out unwanted water and gas. Oilmen *like* mud.



Muskeg



Shell exploration teams search for oil on a we-don't-care-about-the-latitude basis. When muskeg threatens to stop them, they take Bombardier tractors, design special cabs for them, come up with the Bombardier Muskeg Tractor that solves the unique problems of year-around operations in northern terrain.

Mummies

In the days of the Ptolemaic kings, bitumen or asphalt was used widely to preserve mummies. Now asphalt is used mostly to build long-lasting super roads. A convenience and pleasure Shell helps to bring to the millions who take to the highways.



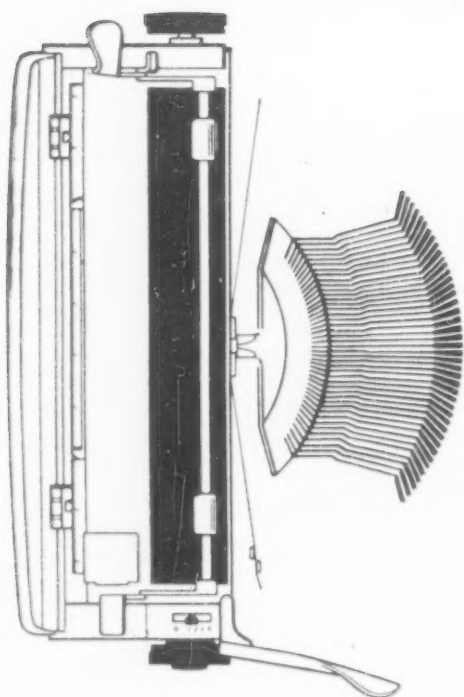
MARKETING. For you it may mean simply going to the store. At Shell, marketing describes the whole involved process of getting products—hundreds and hundreds of them—to stores, homes, factories, service stations, distributors, jobbers. Marketing means getting gasoline to your car, hot asphalt to a new airport—and oil burner fuel to your home. It means delivering drums of 750 kinds of special lubricants to thousands of factories.

This kind of marketing requires traffic experts, taxmen, and hundreds of other specialists. Because they do their jobs so well, you get oil's good things at comparatively low cost—and you get them fast.

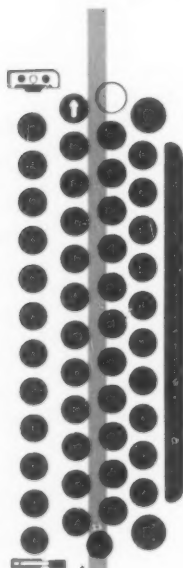
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London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Are hereditary titles on the way out?

Great Britain is a country that specializes in bloodless revolutions. Great Britain is a country that clings to tradition. Great Britain is a country that is constantly undergoing a process of change. Great Britain is . . . But perhaps we had better get on with our argument.

Having had the pleasant experience of seeing the Queen open the Canadian parliament, I went down to see her perform the same duty at Westminster. There were great crowds en route in spite of the fact that the weather was in a petulant and tearful mood.

First there would be a glint of sunshine, then a splash of rain and, just for a change, a soggy grey mist—and so it went on without a stop.

Inside the House of Lords there was the usual brilliant scene, with peers sporting their coronets and peeresses glinting with jewelry. A stranger seeing it for the first time might well have felt that nothing had changed in the last three hundred years—but the stranger would have been wrong. By the authority of the prime minister we were to hear Her Majesty announce that in due course there would be legislation that would virtually amount to a bloodless revolution.

In one of my recent Letters I ventured to prophesy that Macmillan would probably reform the House of Lords by introducing life peerages, but I never imagined that it would come about so suddenly.

In the afternoon debate on the Queen's speech in the Commons, Macmillan calmly told members that this was not a time for an ambitious scheme of reform in the Upper House, but no one was deceived as to the reality of what was happening.

"Does this mean that no more hereditary peerages will be created?" asked a Labor front bencher. "Not at all," said the prime minister.

Somehow that terse reply did not carry conviction. I have a feeling that we shall see very few

hereditary peerages created from now on, and they will likely be influenced in choice where there is no direct heir.

Inevitably the question arises as to whether Great Britain is moving toward the North American system of society and intends to substitute the aristocracy of wealth

LABOR AND THE LORDS



Ramsay MacDonald refused a title but Clement Attlee took an earldom—and five titles for the family.

for the long-established system of titles. Let there be no mistake about it—the British are very fond of money and the comforts that come with it, but they are not yet ready to worship at the feet of Mammon. Nor is that likely to change for a long time. But as realists the British feel that it is no use trying to perpetuate a system of hereditary aristocracy when taxation and death duties make it impossible.

Strange as it may seem there is little doubt that the activities of the pipsqueak peers—Altrincham and London—continued on page 49

Some ideas—and free plans—for fir plywood projects

car ports			Fir plywood stands up to all weathers with the help of a special waterproof glue, which binds it strongly together. Plywood is obtainable in a number of standard thicknesses, up to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Large, light-weight panels reduce framing work and form a rigid, air-tight wall. Easy-to-follow plans available for car port (No. 6), outdoor storage wall (No. 3) and garden cabinet (No. 10).
technical data			Remarkable strength for its weight is one of many reasons why engineers and architects are using fir plywood more and more. Beam and stressed skin panel designs are analysed in the <i>Technical Handbook</i> , and concrete form work in another illustrated booklet. Data available on wall sheathing, roof decking, sub-flooring, glues, C.S.A. specifications, thermal conductivity, vapour transmission and acoustics.
attic and basement rooms			Turn a sloping upstairs ceiling, or an awkward corner of the basement, into one of the most useful storage places in the house with plywood! The plan for an under-eave built-in (No. 4) gives you ample closet space, desk, drawers, cabinets and shelves. There are plans, too, for a child's storage wall (closet, dresser, toy space (No. 7) and a flexible storage wall (No. 11).
boats			Waterproof glue fir plywood is excellent for boat-building because it is strong and durable, and reduces joints to a minimum. Stock-sized panels are 4 ft. x 8 ft., but you can get them on special order, scarf-jointed, up to 50 ft. long. Plans for 20 ft. sailboat, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. outboard, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. inboard, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ or 9 ft. skiff, and 7 ft. 9 in. pram dinghy. Information about other plans available from the Plywood Association.
extra storage space			Plywood resists warping, will not split, covers large areas with a single sheet. These properties, together with attractive appearance, make it ideal for furniture and built-ins. Get ideas from booklet <i>Douglas Fir Plywood Built-ins</i> . Plans for demountable music wall (No. 1), sectional storage wall (No. 9), island entry wall (No. 8), music and TV centre (No. 12), shelf-door wardrobe (No. 2) and odds and ends cabinet (No. 5).
	Get these plans free from your lumber dealer. See your bank manager for information about home improvement loans. Plywood Manufacturers Association of B. C., 550 Burrard St., Vancouver 1, B. C.		FIR PLYWOOD MARKED PMBC EXTERIOR HAS WATERPROOF GLUE

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MACLEAN'S



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Walter Crane was one of the first real artists seriously to tackle children's books. This book cost a mere fifteen cents in 1875.

A WONDERLAND OF children's books

BY JOHN GRAY

Maclean's presents a Christmas album
of rare and colorful art for children from a little-known Canadian collection

Once upon a time, seventy-seven Christmases ago, an English schoolchild was given a brightly illustrated book called *Beauty and the Beast*. He must have enjoyed it, for he didn't rip it apart or convert it into spitballs, and so it survived through the years. One day it fell into the hands of Edgar Osborne, an Englishman who, for three decades, has lingered in bookstores, haunted old libraries and rummaged through attics for just such nostalgic volumes. His collection, numbering eighteen hundred

children's books, rests not in England, but in a special children's library in Toronto. The gay pictures on this and the following pages are taken from it. To many adults, a glimpse at these old books will evoke a gentler age when children, flat on stomachs, pursued their literary bents without benefit of television or comic books. It will surprise some to learn, however, that in spite of the stiff competition many old favorites (such as "A Apple Pie" on the next page) are still going strong among today's moppets.

FOUR PAGES OF COLOR PICTURES FOLLOW. FOR THE STORY OF HOW EDGAR OSBORNE COLLECTED THEM, TURN TO PAGE 50

A APPLE PIE



Kate Greenaway's beloved alphabet book has been in print since it was first published in 1886. A Apple Pie is a traditional story but the

Greenaway illustrations are distinctive. The book "vexed" her friend Ruskin, the art critic. "The titles," he wrote, "are simply bill-sticking."

A WONDERLAND OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS continued

When manners and morals made the man

A large portion of the Osborne Collection is devoted to books that taught children things—how to be good, how to multiply, how to spell, how to get to Heaven. These volumes—which are probably the original "how-to" books—were often full of gay illustrations that made their heavy-handed moral atmosphere more palatable. But such books seldom lost sight of their purpose: to instruct the mind, improve the manners, and mend the morals of the youngsters to whom they were directed.

It probably says something for their appeal that most of these books are no longer read. There are exceptions, as in the case of Kate Greenaway's A Apple Pie. But A Apple Pie, a traditional nursery tale designed to teach the alphabet, was a favorite to begin with. There are editions of it in the Osborne Collection in Toronto that go back to the eighteenth century and it's safe to say it's not been out of print for about two hundred years. But the Greenaway version lives on because of the illustrations.

Kate Greenaway was one of a trio of giants in nineteenth-century children's art. Her books were instantly popular when they first appeared, and have remained so. Her work, with that of other members of the trio, Randolph Caldecott and Walter Crane, marks the beginning of the modern illustrated books today's children take for granted.



This instruction book in three languages was printed about 1830. A rare type of folding book, it has hand-colored pictures.

THE DUNCE



This is a sight to give us pain.
Once seen ne'er wished to see again.

THE OBEDIENT CHILD



This docile little maiden shows
The worth of cleanliness she knows.

Bright illustrations relieved the
heavy moral tone of such books.



Beautiful England—on her Island throne—
Grandly she rules—with half the world her own;
From her vast empire the sun ne'er departs;
She reigns a Queen—Victoria, Queen of Hearts.

England is from Geographical Fun, an expensive, 1868 colored, printed book containing humorous sketches of many countries. This kind of instruction was painless.



Four times 8 are 32.
I once could dance as well as you.

Gay dancer is in 1817 Marmaduke Multiply's Merry Method of Making Minor Mathematicians, or, The Multiplication Table. This copy was almost read to death.

OLD WOMAN OF LYNN.



There lived an Old Woman at Lynn,
Whose Nose very near touch'd her chin.
You may easy suppose
She had plenty of Beaux.
This charming Old Woman of Lynn.



A Tailor, who sail'd from Quebec,
In a storm ventur'd once upon deck;
But the waves of the sea
Were as strong as could be,
And he tumbled in up to his neck.

First printed limericks are Sixteen Wonderful Old Women (left) dated 1820. Two years later Anecdotes and Adventures of Fifteen Gentle-

men (right) appeared, and it was one of these verses that inspired Edward Lear's wonderful nonsense, including the horrible cow seen below.

The age of nonsense and tall tales

There is no point in discussing nonsense. It is, it's delightful, and all the rest is sausage. Just how the world came to be blessed with a verse form we now call a limerick, and with a genius to exploit it as versatile as Edward Lear, is an undoubtedly important matter. But it needn't detain us. The verse form was made up and Lear was intrigued with one particular example of it (The Old Man of Tobago) and he did write a whole book of such "limericks," and if there's anyone you wish to thank particularly, thank him now.

The Baron Munchausen is a little different. Tall tales have always existed. The Baron's are superb—though not really any more so than Mark Twain's jumping frog or the Paul Bunyan who originally strode out of a French-Canadian forest. But this is rational nonsense, something less than the controlled insanity of Edward Lear.



There was an Old Man who said, "How shall I flee from this horrible Cow?
I will sit on this stile, and continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of that Cow."



Florence Nightingale gave this copy of the Baron Munchausen stories to her cousin, Louis Shore, for New Year's, 1879. The illustration shows Munchausen traveling on a cannon ball to spy on an enemy. But, afraid of being caught, he switched cannon balls in mid-air and returned to his own camp.

continued on next page

continued

The world of make-believe

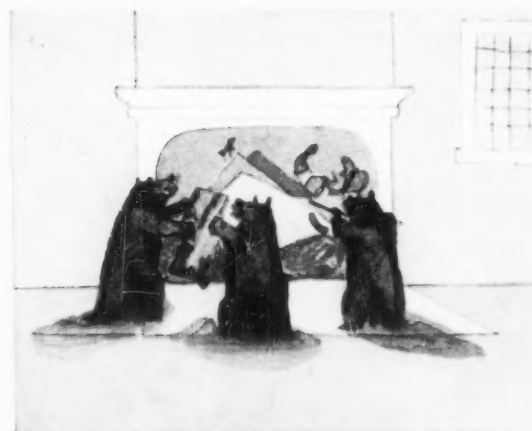
There is probably no part of childhood more enjoyable than the wonderful world kids make up in their heads. And that portion of children's literature that deals with make-believe lives on through all changes of fashion. Almost all the stories illustrated on these pages were told before they were written, and it's now impossible to say who first "made them up," or what child originally enjoyed them. They can have morals tacked on to them (as in *The Seven Champions of Christendom*) and children will gracefully ignore them. Scholars may get ulcers trying to track them down (as they have with *Old Mother Hubbard*) but children don't care. The things they enjoy most are the beautiful people, the brave knights, the naïve dunces and the wicked dragons that abide in our fairy tales and nursery rhymes. It's a world where everything always turns out all right in the end: *St. George* slays the dragon, the princess marries her prince, and everyone lives happily ever after.



This gay lithograph of Simple Simon was produced in 1872 by Marcus Ward, the illuminator to Queen Victoria. Woman at left seems to have a mustache.



This drawing of the Queen of Hearts is by one of the great 19th century children's artists, Randolph Caldecott. This is another book so popular it has never been out of print.



In the fire they throw her, but burn her they couldn't





Hand-colored engraving of St. George killing the dragon brightened 1806 version of a favorite children's book, *Seven Champions of Christendom*. Text of this version was adapted from the 16th century original by William Godwin, Shelley's father-in-law.



A splendid collation,—a fortunate thing,—
For others prepared, but reserved for the King,
Now appear'd to be tastefully spread ;
The Monarch partook of the Banquet with glee,
Then drank to the Marquess, and promis'd that he
The Princess, that evening, should wed.

Rhyming version of *The Surprising Adventures of Puss in Boots, or, The Master-Cat*, was published in 1825. Illustrations were colored by child labor before 1840.

The story behind the story of The Three Bears

The outstanding item in the Osborne Collection is a manuscript of *The Three Bears*, the earliest known version of this traditional story. It was written in 1831 as a birthday present for four-year-old Horace Broke by his aunt, Eleanor Mure. Six years later the poet Robert Southey published his version of the story, which is both better literature and better known. The discovery of the Mure manuscript by Osborne caused a furor in literary circles for it deprived Southey of what many critics had considered his crowning achievement, the creation of *The Three Bears*, an honor Southey never claimed for himself. Both the versions agree in their essentials, but are different from the story told today for the bears are all male and the heroine is an old woman. The little girl of today's story first appears in a printed version in 1850, where she is called Silver-Hair. The main difference between the versions—as shown in the illustrations at the left—is the endings. In Miss Mure's story the bears try to burn and drown the old woman and finally toss her on the steeple of St. Paul's. In Southey's version she leaps out the window and is never seen again.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD



She went to the Fruiterer's
To buy him some Fruit ;
When she came back
He was playing the flute.

AND HER DOG



She went to the Tailor's
To buy him a coat ;
When she came back
He was riding a Goat.

Described as "indestructible," this 1847 printing of a favorite nursery rhyme had its pages mounted on linen. *Old Mother Hubbard* was first published in 1805 but it is a traditional story.

When John Diefenbaker stole the political show last June he brought with him onto centre stage a fresh new personality, his wife and political co-star, Olive Evangeline Diefenbaker, to play the role of Canada's First Lady.

The weight of this role is seldom realized. Madame St. Laurent underplayed it, and when Bennett and King, bachelor PMs both, were in office it was played by the wives of the governors-general. No one has ever defined it, except to say that it's tough.

At the least, the First Lady must offer her husband a centre of calm, no mean feat in itself when a man is embroiled in political warfare and pressed by decisions of state. At the most, she can offer advice he respects, lead the party's female contingent, sway diplomats, and influence voters all across the country, especially those women who judge a man by the kind of wife he picks. The role is wide open. It's what a lady can make of it.

Mrs. D., as she's often called, indicated how she would play her role on the first day she moved into the grey stone mansion remodeled in 1951 to house Canada's chief executives. It was a Saturday in July. The Diefenbakers had come direct from the prime ministers' conference in London, he to a cabinet meeting, she to their new home.

She explored the ground-floor library, drawing and dining rooms, admiring (except for the Chinese red of the dining-room walls) the elegantly muted decor, the French doors opening onto patios, the sweeping views of the Ottawa River, the graceful curve of the stairs. The second floor delighted her. Here was a personal sitting room with a kitchenette attached, connecting bedroom suites, and two guest rooms. On the third floor she entered the servants' quarters "for the first and last time—both John and I value our privacy, I'm sure they do too." That afternoon she asked her husband to invite the cabinet for tea next day.

A few weeks later she gave a party for ambassadors and their wives to meet cabinet ministers and their wives. Many diplomats had never before been inside the house. "This isn't just another party," the wife of one diplomat said. "This is something new." Mrs. D. followed it up with a party for press and radio, then a tea for all wives of Conservative MPs. In three months she showed eight hundred visitors through the residence. Though it is, and must be, a refuge, she says, it also belongs to the people. "I feel it's my duty to show it to those who can and should be here."

Her attitude has won her the plaudits of reporters, pleases the diplomats who like to entertain, and be entertained by, the PM so they can repeat in dispatches what he says, and it's giving her prestige among the wives of Conservative MPs, who, when met in the House of Commons halls, may be asked to join her for tea.

"She never brushes anyone off," says Mrs. Roland Michener, wife of the Speaker of the House. "She takes time to bring the wives of the younger members along. She's the kind of person they don't mind taking advice from, and who knows how to give advice tactfully." "Mrs. D. will see you right across the room at a party," says the wife of a senior civil servant. "It doesn't matter if she's talking to an ambassador's wife, she'll smile and nod."

When she left for London last June, Mrs. Michener, a close friend, drove to the airport to see her off. A CBC cameraman, trying to get a picture of Mrs. D., asked Mrs. Michener to stand aside.

"Oh, but she's my friend," Mrs. Diefenbaker said, a glint of steel in her smile. "You take her with me."

In London she was assigned a car and a chauffeur, a girl. Trying to get through a half-blocked-off street the girl scraped the car. Mrs. D. realized the girl felt badly about it. At the end of the ride she unpinned her expensive maple-leaf brooch and presented it to her driver. "She's always aware of other people's feelings." **continued on page 53**

As the prime minister's wife,

"Mrs. D." must be

a homemaker, hostess, adviser,

sometimes a politician

and always a diplomat. Here's an

intimate picture of

OLIVE

DIEFENBAKER'S

not-so-private

life

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

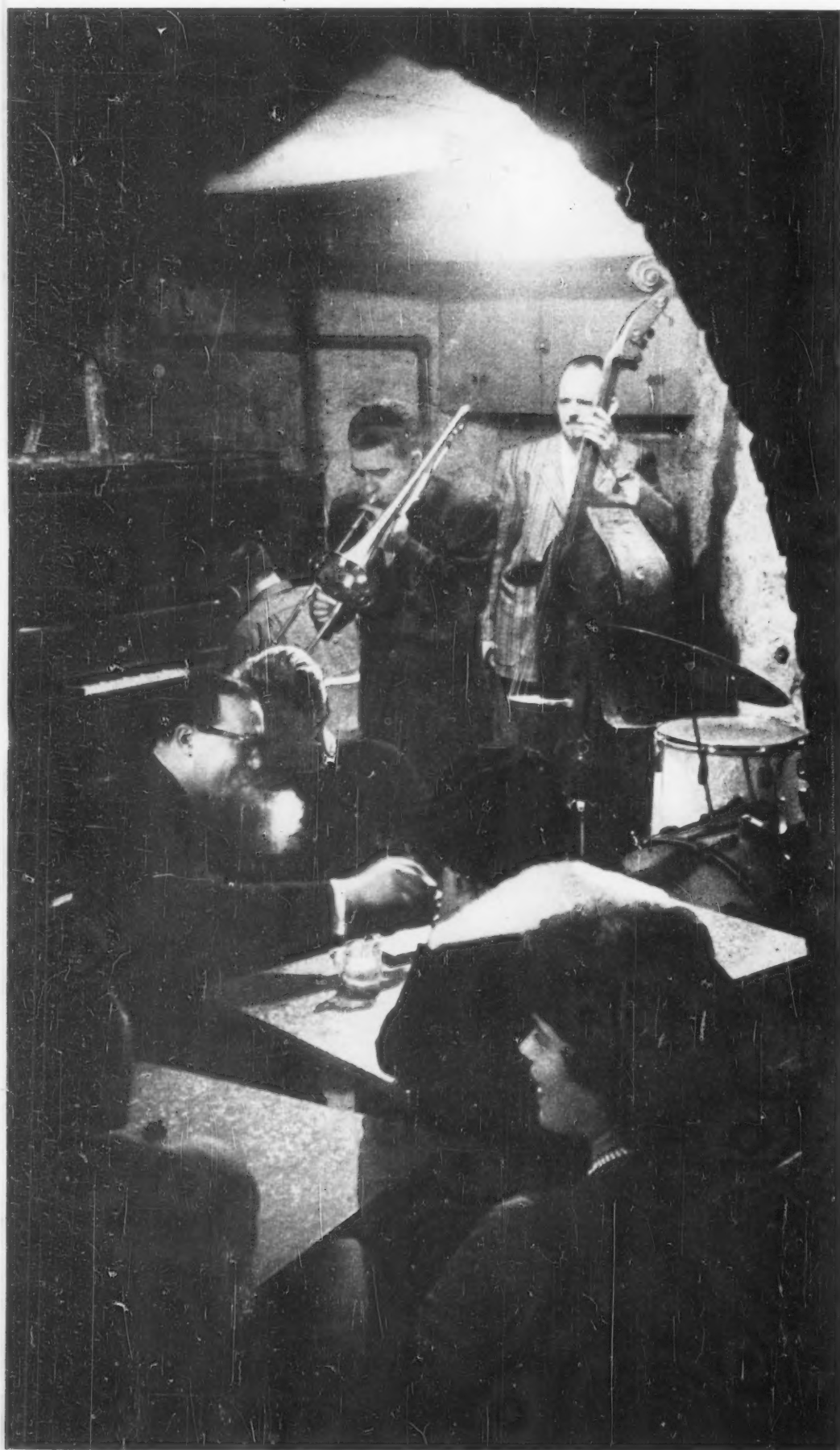
PORTRAIT FOR MACLEAN'S BY YOUSUF KARSH

n

'S

21, 1957





Avant-garde jazzmen in an after-midnight spot called House of Hambourg play "progressive" music as Caplan (with eyeglasses) mixes business and pleasure by meeting customers and friends. His "beat" covers twenty clubs.

The jazz-happy tailor

He'd rather be on the bandstand but



WITH BILLY O'CONNOR: he shows suit swatches to the entertainer while O'Connor checks on a TV date.



WITH CHICO VALLE: he offers his wares during rehearsal break to bandleader Valle and pianist Amadio.

BY MCKENZIE PORTER PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEX DELLOW

David Caplan, a thirty-two-year-old Toronto bachelor, has a plump five-foot-eight body; puffy white cheeks wreathed in a cocky grin; glossy black hair; sleepy slit eyes that stir vigilantly at sight of a blonde; and a tongue that wags endlessly in jazz slang. He wears sharp suits of a lustrous, silky texture; narrow ties of a silver or golden hue; fancy shirts clipped at the French cuffs with carved links as big as walnuts; and a pair of heavy horn-rimmed glasses with two lightning-bolts inlaid on each ear-piece. The glasses give him an owl-like look and this is appropriate, for Caplan lives by night.

Six evenings a week he tours theatres, radio stations, television studios, dance halls, bars, restaurants, cocktail lounges and night clubs in a scarlet 1957 convertible with imitation gold stars encrusted in its black upholstery. At the "wet" ports of call he sips rye and Seven-Up with one of his numerous girl friends, smokes king-sized gold-tipped cigarettes named "Celebrity," and waits for the entertainers who are billed as attractions to ask him to make them a suit.

Caplan advertises himself as "The Showmen's Clothier," and tells his friends that he is a "frustrated horn blower." Although he makes a good

living out of tailoring he's always detested the garment trade and pined for the life of a jazz musician. As a boy he couldn't afford a trombone so he had to settle for a tape measure.

Five years ago he was yawning with boredom in a fifty-dollar-a-week job at Tip Top Tailors Ltd., Toronto. To save himself from "going nuts" he cultivated the company of jazz bandmen. As a sideline he began making suits for his jumpy cronies. Soon he made tailoring tolerable—and profitable—by striking out on his own. Today he sells suits to dozens of celebrities in the entertainment industry.

"I can't get into showbusiness myself," he says, "so I get my kicks out of clothing men who can."

Caplan works from his modern North Toronto apartment, or from his car, and carries all the equipment he needs in two big brief cases. His suits range in price from sixty to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. His ready-mades are turned out by W. R. Johnston and Co. Ltd., Toronto, his custom-mades by William H. Leishman and Co. Ltd., also of Toronto. On all of them Caplan takes a retailer's profit.

Most of Caplan's customers are drummers, pianists, saxophonists, double-bassists, guitarists and accordionists who play syncopated music in

TV singer Sylvia Murphy exchanges small-talk with the celebrities' tailor. A bachelor, he's often seen with pretty girls.



some twenty Toronto nightspots and sustain the city's reputation as the fourth jazziest metropolis—after New York, Chicago and Los Angeles—in North America.

While thriving on the trade of such blowers, pluckers and thumpers Caplan has added many other types of performer to his clientele. These include actors John Drainie, and Lloyd Bochner; singers Jimmie Shields and Jack Bailey; disc jockeys Elwood Glover and John Rac; commentators Nathan Cohen and Byng Whitteker; and interviewers Percy Saltzman and Gil Christie of the CBC television show Tabloid.

Caplan, who is ready to do business anywhere any time, once cajoled the protesting Saltzman into taking a fitting on a crowded street. Christie is the most celebrated victim of Caplan's persuasive tongue. Last April he was talked into wearing on Tabloid a sensational new suit Caplan had made—a cross between the single-breasted and the double-breasted. The hybrid style evoked a roar of protest from more conservative tailors and produced a six-column headline in the Toronto Telegram. Caplan reveled in the publicity.

It was the late Dick MacDougal, MC of Tabloid, who first whetted Caplan's appetite for fame. Introduced to **continued on page 33**

Dave Caplan can't blow a horn—so he lives the roaming night life he loves by selling suits to stars and celebrities



WITH SAM SHOPSOWITZ: he finds his 60-inch tape measure is too short.



WITH JULIETTE: he pitches new patterns to the singing star, who chooses the styles and weaves for husband Tony Cavazzi's suits.



WITH ELWOOD GLOVER: he waits for the disc jockey to finish broadcast.



WITH GIL CHRISTIE: he makes final adjustments to a new "set of vines" for the television announcer, who's plugged him on the air.



THE NIGHT OVER: Caplan relaxes to the blast of jazz by hi-fi. He rarely quits "work" till four a.m.

A Maclean's short story by Michael Sheldon

These are the BONNIE BABES of the BANK OF LOWER CANADA

Now, who could tell which one grew up to be president?



Was it the chubby showoff...



Or the pouty sailor on horseback...?

It was Charley Stagg, the director of public relations, who persuaded president Blake Jopson that the Bank of Lower Canada should take a survey of staff opinion. "A loyal and contented staff, sir," he said, "is a prerequisite of good customer relations."

"Are you suggesting that our people . . ." the president began.

"I'm suggesting nothing, sir. But we have no scientific evidence of how the staff feel, none at all. The Bank of Upper Manhattan takes a detailed survey every six months."

"That's not unwise—with the kind of turnover they have down there."

"Mr. Jopson, I want just one survey. And I wouldn't be in the least surprised if it gave us a completely clean bill of health. But it's the only way of really knowing where we stand. Besides, we'd be pioneering among Canadian banks. It would be another first for the B of LC."

Pioneering, Charley Stagg knew from experience, was catnip to his president. Get it into the headline of an ad and that ad would be

approved, however big, however expensive. It worked again this time—quite rapidly. "Okay, Charley. But keep your results under wraps until we've had a good look at them. In case they say front office is a bunch of stinkers or they want a tellers' union," Blake Jopson prided himself on being outspoken.

So Charley Stagg went into a huddle with Beanpole Surveys Inc., and in due course a representative sample of B of LC employees from Halifax to Vancouver, Niagara to Whitehorse, were handed a sheet containing thirty-four probing questions that would reveal just what they thought about their work, their prospects and their superiors. To be filled in anonymously, of course.

The survey occasioned its measure of ribald comment; here was another of Stagg's crazy notions. But the answers were finally received, tabulated and analyzed, and Charley Stagg was ready to present his report to the executive.

All in all the results were gratifying. The staff seemed contented with their lot; they believed banking was an **continued on page 41**



Or the bundled-up kid in kilts . . .

For the answer, read the story above



Or the curlyhead with the Gibson Girl?

"It happened to us"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

We found our new world in the Arctic

The challenge and adventure we'd dreamed of in Europe turned tame in Toronto and Vancouver—until our isolated, perilous and wonderful year inside the Arctic Circle

STORY AND PICTURES BY HELGA BADING WITH AN ASSIST FROM PETER BADING

It was noon on a January day. The southerly horizon had brightened rapidly for the past half hour and suddenly my four sled dogs stopped their even trot. I looked up, too, and stared at the flaming red ball that rose over the hill, enveloped the frozen Arctic lake and its surrounding mountains in a golden-red glow for a half a minute, and sank. The sun had come back.

As so many times before I felt I should pinch myself to realize I was not dreaming, that it was really I who was clad in a hand-made caribou parka and driving a dogteam, my own dogteam, through deep powdery snow toward my log-cabin home fifty miles north of the Arctic Circle. It had only been a dream a year before. Now it was real life.

When my husband, Peter, and I arrived in Canada from Berlin in 1952 we were just like any other New Canadians. Although we had no money we had many hopes and wishes. But Peter and I did not dream of security. We wanted adventure.

It seems almost unbelievable now, after having lived and worked in two of Canada's biggest cities, that when we came here we expected to find a frontier. Instead, we stepped off the train into the heart of streamlined Toronto where there were more automatic gadgets and push-button controls than we had ever imagined using back home. It would have been easy and normal for us to take up a comfortable urban existence. But in spite of the lure of the automatic washing machines and TV sets, or perhaps because of them, we did not lose sight of our dream. We did not want to grow old without having known the other side, the more primitive and down-to-earth way of life.

Toronto offered us the opportunity to find jobs and save hard. In Germany Peter had been a white-collar man; in Toronto he swept a factory

floor. In Berlin I had studied secretarial English; in Canada I had a chance to put it to use. Then we joined the Toronto Public Library and began studying our new continent.

That was when our Arctic adventure really began. The more we read about the North, the more surely we knew there would be time for civilization later. First we wanted to find out whether we had the stuff in us to pitch a tent at seventy below. We wondered how long an Arctic night would seem.

Our first move was westward. We crossed the continent in an old Ford car, and on our way we visited Bud Helmericks, an Alaskan big-game guide, lecturer and adventurer. His books had so fired our imagination that we had written asking whether it was possible for us to meet him. Bud had replied promptly, "Please come and visit us at my parents' home in Montrose, if your way should lead through Colorado."

Upon our arrival in June 1953, Bud and Martha Helmericks and their nine-year-old son, Jimmy, were just packing up to fly back to their fishing business on Alaska's north coast. During the few days we stayed with them we became good friends.

When we left them we drove to Vancouver more determined than ever to see that fabulous north country, but to get there we needed—money. Again we found jobs, and in the evenings we attended a night-school course in prospecting.

Then Bud Helmericks wrote us: "Would you like to join us in Alaska?"

He could use our help, Bud said, during the summer to build a new hunting camp on Walker Lake. In return for our work he promised to initiate us in the Arctic way of life.

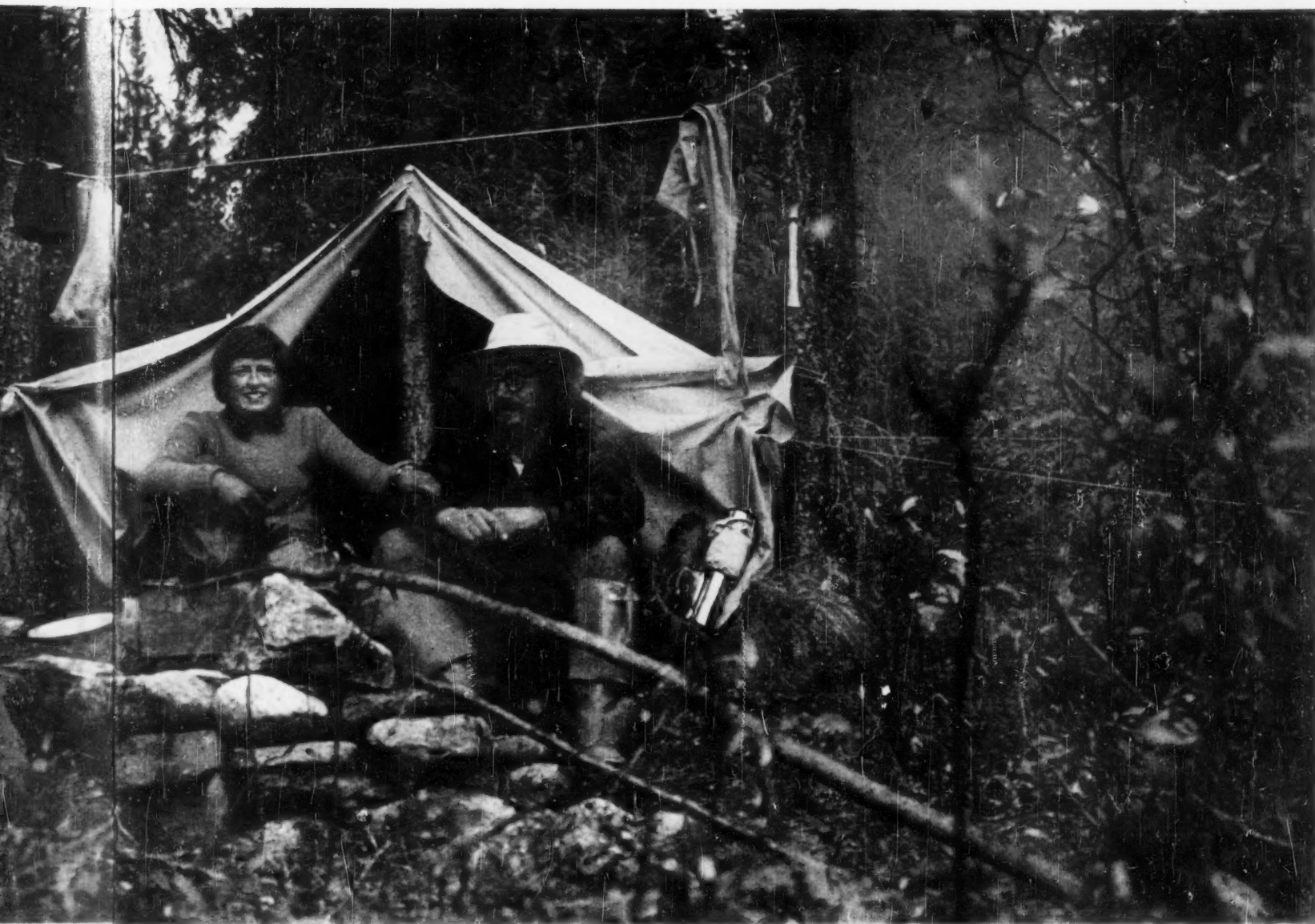
"This is not a dream any more, it's reality," Peter said that night. **continued on page 46**



This was the life we'd yearned for

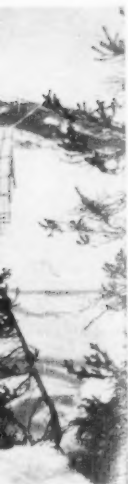


At five feet and 96 pounds I made a puny pioneer. But wilderness cookery came easy, and even on snowshoes I could handle the wash.



This was our base camp on a ten-day uranium prospecting trip into unmapped mountains. Ten weeks later Peter had to shave when his beard froze to his mustache.

earned for. We were a hundred miles from the nearest outpost. We had to learn how to live off the land—or starve



The firewood Peter cut I hauled to the cabin by dog team. Sled and harness were hand-made, and two of the dogs were half-wild.



Peter ran a trap line and shot caribou. We lived on the meat and I sewed mocassins, parkas and even a sleeping bag from the hides.



A gill-net slung under the ice provided dogfood. I'm holding an Arctic whitefish; we also caught lake trout, grayling and ling cod.

How Scrooge might spend

Turning his back on the office party

Then, in the

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. T. F. Scrooge had signed the partnership-insurance papers, had taken over Marley's accounts, and the Legal Department of Scrooge, Marley, Babcox, Durstine and Goldie had worked for six weeks plugging the holes in the corporation-tax structure. Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story that began Christmas week, 1957.

T.F. sat in his corner office. It was a cold, bleak, biting day. The City Hall clock had only just gone four, but it was quite dark already. The fluorescent lights were glowing in the windows of the neighboring offices.

"A merry Christmas, Uncle," cried a cheerful voice. It was T.F.'s nephew.

"What's merry about it?" T.F. asked. "We're down ten percent on last year."

"What's merry about it, Uncle? Ten percent?" said T.F.'s nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I'm too busy to make jokes," T.F. said. "If you want to get in the picture, ask Miss Howarth for a copy of Canadian Retail Sales Analysis Report, November 15th to December 15th."

"Don't be cross, Uncle," said the nephew. "I like Christmas."

"Let's kick it around the next brainstorming session," T.F. said. "You got an idea we'll run it up the pole and see if anybody salutes it."

"Don't be angry, Uncle," the nephew cried. "Come. Dine with us tonight."

"Give me a rain check on that, will you, son?" T.F. said. "I'm snowed under. Our biggest client is gunning for more Christmas business. I haven't bought anything for my wife yet, and I'm already in the doghouse because I'm going to be late for her Punch Bowl party."

T.F. buttoned up his coat, zipped some papers into his briefcase, walked out of the office, got in a traffic jam that reached from the parking lot to Highway 401, and arrived home with his ulcer jumping just as the last guest was led laughing to the door. Mrs. T.F.'s smile clicked off as the door closed.

"Well, I'm glad you decided to come home," she said, "even if it was just to say good-by to one of your guests."

She went to her bedroom. This was the last T.F. heard from her.

He put on his dressing gown and slippers, poured himself a double rye and sat down to read an article in *Better Business* called "How To Move That Christmas Sales Peak Back Into July." But soon the magazine rested in his lap, and he sat looking at television.

Now it is a fact that there was nothing on TV but Wyatt Earp. Let it also be borne in mind that T.F. hadn't thought much about Marley in the past few years. And then let any man explain



"Merry Christmas, Uncle," his nephew cried.
"What's merry about it?" Scrooge snapped. "We're down ten percent."

and Christmas 1957

party he snarls till Marley's ghost warns him from the TV tube.
en, in the jammed and jingling streets—well, anything could happen

LEN

is no if he can how it happened that T.F. saw on the screen, without Wyatt Earp undergoing any intermediate change, Marley's face. Not angry or ferocious, but looking at T.F. as Marley used to look at Plans Sessions, with horn-rimmed glasses in his teeth.

"What is this, Marley?" T.F. said.

"Let me come into the room a minute and I'll fill you in," Marley said. "The thing is, T.F., you're going to be haunted by three spirits tonight."

"Couldn't we tee it up for them all to see me together some day next month?" T.F. said.

But Wyatt Earp was again on the screen, T.F. thought. "Pooh! Pooh! I'll make a date with my psychiatrist first thing tomorrow." He went to his room and flaked out with his clothes on.

He was awakened, he knew not when, by a bright light in his bedroom. Before him stood a strange figure.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past," the figure said. "Arise and walk with me."

The ghost showed T.F. three different Christmases past. In the first, T.F. played on a little hill with a sleigh his father had made him for Christmas out of an orange crate. It made T.F. sob when he thought of how much he'd spent on his own kids this Christmas. In the next scene, all the snow had gone and T.F., now a young man, was studying business administration and sales promotion. Beside him were copies of *The Power of Positive Thinking*, *Sales Through Smiles*, *It's Good Business to Be a Christian*, *God's Cash Register is Ringing for You*, *How to Make Friends That Pay Off*, and *Are You Geared To a Bigger Gross This Christmas?*

T.F. looked thoughtful as he saw himself turning into a young married man. He was now working in the production department of Scrooge, Marley, Babco, Dur-

continued on page 38



"Three spirits are going to haunt you," said Marley's ghost. "Couldn't they all see me one day next month?" Scrooge asked.

DRAWINGS BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON



Scrooge danced down the street crying, "I'm going to Bermuda!" A few shoppers grunted, "I'd like to be going with you."

This is your LAST



The Christmas gift that lasts all year

This is your **LAST CHANCE** to give your friends **MACLEAN'S**.
But you'll have to hurry! Don't hesitate a moment longer,
time's too short.

Remember, Maclean's is a gift that keeps coming 26 times throughout the year.
It's appreciated by the whole family, welcome in every home
and within your budget. And you need not pay now, unless you wish.

Take a few moments **RIGHT NOW**, just fill in the order form
and rush it back to me. Give Maclean's and you'll be giving not one
but 26 exciting gifts—there's still just time, if you hurry!

clip

ST CHANCE

to give MACLEAN'S

year!

3 gifts only \$5.00

Additional gifts above three only \$1.65 each

2 gifts only \$4.00 1 gift only \$3.00

6 gifts only \$9.95

These rates good only in Canada. For gifts to places outside Canada, please add \$3.00 for each subscription.

Special gift rates available until Dec. 24

order now-pay later

No need to send payment with your order, unless you wish. We'll gladly bill you after the New Year to help you spread your Christmas expenses.

full-color gift cards

A beautiful full color gift card—the finest Maclean's has ever produced—goes with every gift you send to your friends this Christmas.

MACLEAN'S 481 University Ave.,
Toronto 2, Canada

MY OWN NAME AND ADDRESS

☐ new
Name ☐ renewal
Address
City Prov.....

- ☐ Mail gift cards signed as indicated OR
☐ Send cards to me for personal mailing
☐ I enclose \$.....in payment OR
☐ Please bill me after January 1

AD—Dec. 22

Please send one-year gift subscriptions of
MACLEAN'S to:

☐ new
Name ☐ renewal
Address
City Prov.....
Sign gift card from

☐ new
Name ☐ renewal
Address
City Prov.....
Sign gift card from

☐ new
Name ☐ renewal
Address
City Prov.....
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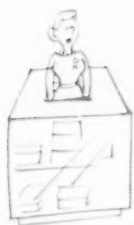
☐ new
Name ☐ renewal
Address
City Prov.....
Sign gift card from

clip & use this order form to-day!



GAMES
FOR
NORMAL
CHILDREN

FOR CHILDREN WITH
ABOVE NORMAL
INTELLIGENCE



Headlines I'd like to see

MAYOR ADMITS CAMPAIGN PLEDGES
UNFULFILLED

Not Meant To Be Taken Seriously, He States

LOCAL TEAM BEATEN AND BADLY
OUTFOUGHT, 29-0

Gives Up Trying Long Before Final Whistle

CONVICTS PROTEST SOFT TREATMENT
AT PENITENTIARY

Cite Lack Of Discipline

LINER DOCKS AFTER UNEVENTFUL
VOYAGE

No Celebrities Among Passengers

AUTHORITY BLAMES JUVENILES FOR
JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

Parents Not Always At Fault, He Claims

UNARMED BANDIT ROBS COWARDLY
CASHIER OF \$18,000

Ugly Miss Shows Shameless Lack Of Bravery

PARKE CUMMINGS

Sweet & sour

Funny, they never asked me back

"You're right, it is the last cigarette . . . but you take it."

"Okay. Thanks."

"I'm not a very good dancer, I'm afraid, and everybody'll notice."

"Nonsense! Who'll see you on that crowded floor?"

"Oh, you're just flattering me, aren't you?"

"Uh huh."

"Don't you think this dress does something for me?"

"It helps."

"It's only one a.m. and (yawn) what if I do have to be up early
for an important business appointment. Must you go?"

"Nope . . . Anybody for charades?"

KEITH KNOWLTON



"What else do you do?"

Unhappy medium

I'd find good buys of every sort . . .
I'd have a bargain ball.

If I were just too thin, too short,
Too big, too wide, too small.

D. E. TWIGGS

CANADIAN HISTORY REVISITED

By Peter Whalley



THE ORDER OF GOOD CHEER





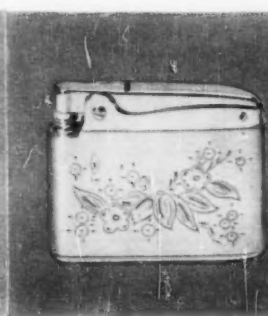
Mother

Something practical, yet elegant? Inspiration! A silver-plate Ronson Queen Anne. \$16.00*



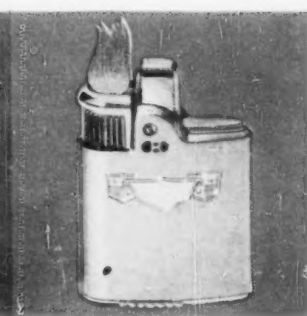
Uncle Tom

Ah! He's a pipe smoker. Of course, the answer is a Ronson Viking with the automatic "jet" flame. \$10.95*



Janet

Hmmm... must be something fashionable. That means just one thing: the stunning, new hand-engraved Ronson Adonis. \$13.50*



Harry

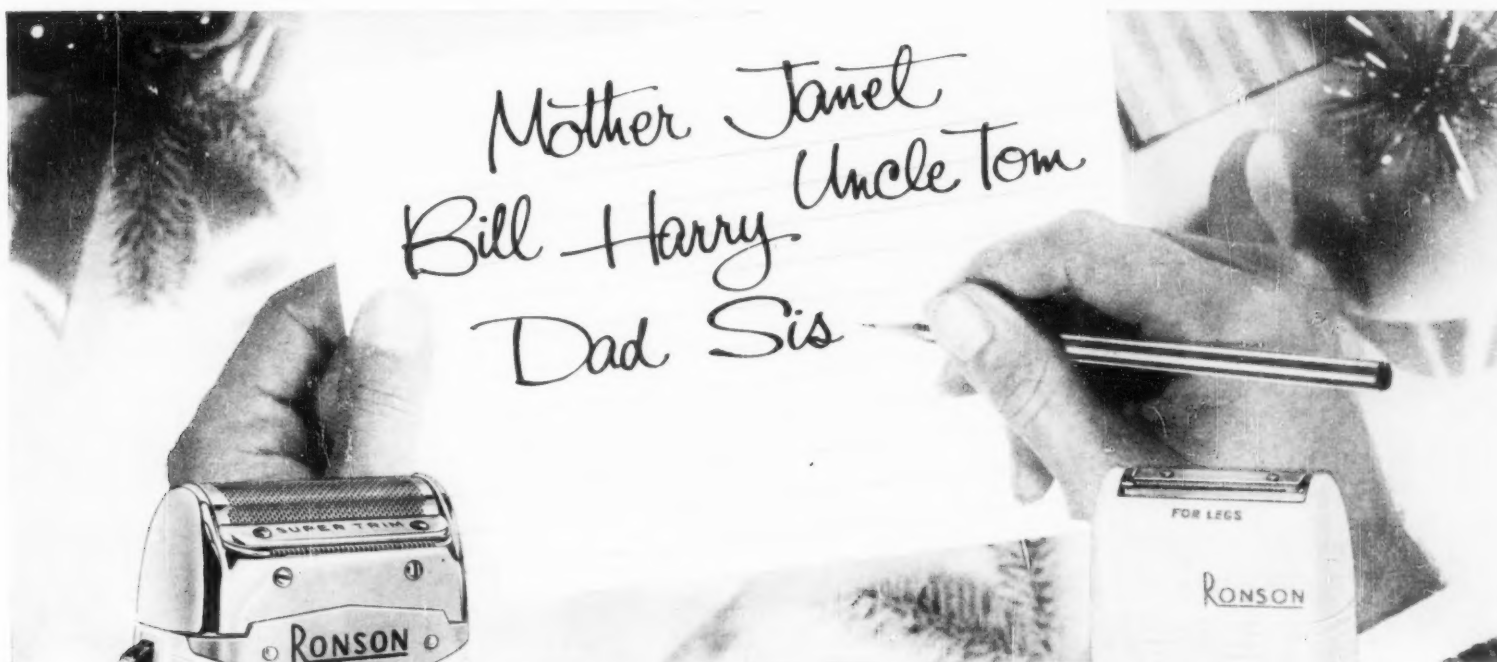
He's the outdoor type—and a natural for the Ronson Whirlwind Imperial. \$10.50*



Bill

Something to match the "executive air" of that partner of mine? Yes! The new Ronson Nordie in genuine marble. \$19.95*

They'll love you for a Ronson!



Mother Janet
Uncle Tom
Bill Harry
Dad Sis

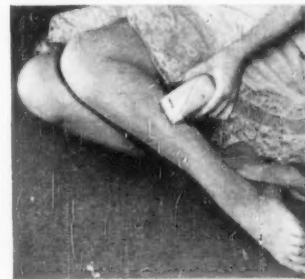


Ronson "66" makes all other shaving methods obsolete! Shaves *every* type of beard closely, cleanly, quickly... then neatly trims sideburns, moustaches, neck hairs, with exclusive "Super-Trim".



Dad

This one's easy! He's always wanted a Ronson "66" Electric Shaver—with "Super Trim". \$28.50*



Sis

Here's a great idea... the glamour gift she'll love: the new Lady Ronson Electric Shaver. \$14.95*



Lady Ronson—the perfect gift for a fastidious lady! Keeps legs, underarms satin smooth. It's safe and quick to "defuzz" with Lady Ronson's *two-sided* head—one for legs, the other for underarms!

*Suggested retail prices.



WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTERS • WORLD'S GREATEST ELECTRIC SHAVERS



Hello Everybody!

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

"BUCHANAN'S"



Macleans' Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

ZERO HOUR: Haunted by memories of a wartime disaster in the air, a former RCAF fighter pilot (Dana Andrews) suddenly must take command of a huge airliner after food poisoning knocks out both regular pilots and most of the passengers. A doctor (Geoffrey Toone) and the stewardess (Peggy King) help him steady his nerves, but finally it's his estranged wife (Linda Darnell) who rallies to his aid. A crisp and crackling suspense drama with a Canadian locale, adapted from *Flight Into Danger*, one of the successful TV plays written by Arthur Hailey, of Toronto.

THE BOLSHOI BALLET: Russia's celebrated dance company, starring Galina Ulanova, in a ballet program beautifully filmed and recorded in London.

DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER: There are some nourishing laughs in this Hollywood comedy about the misadventures of a U.S. Navy public-relations team on a South Pacific island. With Glenn Ford, Gia Scala, Keenan Wynn, Fred Clark.

JET PILOT: Mysteriously shelved for years before being released, this is an absurd air-action romance co-starring John Wayne as an American ace and Janet Leigh as a flying spy from Moscow. Rating: poor.

KISS THEM FOR ME: Suzy Parker of the fashion models makes a glamorous screen debut opposite the delightful Cary Grant and the firesomely over-inflated Jayne Mansfield in a silly but entertaining comedy about naval fliers on leave in San Francisco.

LUCKY JIM: British university life is lampooned by the film makers who kidded the army in *Private's Progress* and the courts in *Brothers in Law*. It's quite funny in spots but not up to its predecessors.

THE STORY OF MANKIND: Mankind goes on trial before a High Tribunal of Outer Space in a pretentious, big-budget historical fantasy, a strong contender for inclusion among the Ten Worst Movies of 1957.

TIME LIMIT: The deeper meanings of cowardice and heroism are explored in this excellent Hollywood drama about treason in North Korea. With Richard Widmark, Richard Basehart, Dolores Michaels.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Across the Bridge: Drama. Good.
Action of the Tiger: Drama. Poor.
Brothers in Law: Comedy. Good.
Campbell's Kingdom: Adventure. Good.
The Careless Years: Drama. Fair.
Decision Against Time: Drama. Good.
The Devil's Hairpin: Auto-race drama. Fair.
Funny Face: Musical. Excellent.
A Hatful of Rain: Drama. Good.
Hell Drivers: Action drama. Fair.
High Tide at Noon: Drama. Fair.
A Hill in Korea: War. Good.
How to Murder a Rich Uncle: British comedy. Fair.
The Invisible Boy: Science fiction. Fair for children; poor for adults.
Jeanne Eagels: Biog drama. Fair.
The Joker Is Wild: Show-biz comedy-drama. Good.
Les Girls: Musical. Excellent.
Love in the Afternoon: Comedy. Good.
Man of a Thousand Faces: Lon Chaney biographical drama. Good.
Miracle in Soho: Comedy. Fair.
The Monte Carlo Story: Romantic comedy-drama. Fair.
My Man Godfrey: Comedy. Fair.
No Down Payment: Drama. Fair.
Operation Mad Ball: Comedy. Good.

The Pajama Game: Musical. Excellent.
Pal Joey: Musical comedy-drama. Good in spite of big flaws.
Perri: Disney squirrel tale. Good.
Portland Exposé: Crime. Poor.
The Prince and the Showgirl: British romantic comedy. Good.
The Rising of the Moon: Group of three Irish stories. Fair.
The Shiralee: Adventure and drama in Australia. Excellent.
Shortcut to Hell: Suspense. Poor.
Silk Stockings: Musical. Good.
Slaughter on Tenth Avenue: Crime drama. Good.
Slim Carter: Comedy. Fair.
The Smallest Show on Earth: British comedy. Good.
Story of Esther Costello (formerly *The Golden Virgin*): Drama. Fair.
The Strange One: Drama. Good.
The Sun Also Rises: Drama. Good.
Sweet Smell of Success: Drama. Good.
3 Faces of Eve: Drama. Fair.
Time Lock: Suspense drama. Good.
Tip on a Dead Jockey: Drama. Fair.
This Could Be the Night: Romantic comedy-drama. Good.
3:10 to Yuma: Western. Good.
The Unholy Wife: Melodrama. Poor.
Until They Sail: Drama. Good.



The jazz-happy tailor

Continued from page 21

Caplan four years ago, MacDougal ordered a suit and wore it on Tabloid. During the show he read aloud a note that had been handed in by a viewer. It said: "Take your hands out of your pockets. You are ruining our suit. Signed: Dave Caplan, your tailor."

The promotion brought Caplan a shower of show-business orders. Art Lund, the six-foot-five American singer who starred later in the New York musical *Most Happy Fella*, ordered three Caplan suits while playing Toronto and wore one of them on the Ed Sullivan show. Last winter Ralph Marterie, the American band leader, wore a Caplan suit on the Perry Como Show. The Diamonds, a quartette of young Toronto male vocalists, have shimmered in Caplan suits in many TV appearances.

Nowadays Caplan's friends are used to his excusing himself from cocktail lounges by saying: "Man, I gotta split now, and watch a set of vines on channel six." By this he means he has to leave and study one of his suits on the back of a television artist.

In cocktail lounges Caplan also sells sets of vines to owners, managers, bartenders and waiters. His biggest customer—sixty inches around the rump—is Sam Shopsowitz, the delicatessen millionaire who recently bought Toronto's nightclub the Club One Two. In Toronto's newest hotel, the Lord Simcoe, Caplan has a customer who was born a Polish count and is now a waiter.

Caplan also outfits many professional men with a predilection for night-life. Typical of these is George Robb, a bachelor architect who designed the Shell observation tower at the Canadian National Exhibition. Recently Robb noticed new Italian immigrants in a cut of suit he admired. Caplan spent hours driving with Robb about the Italian quarter of Toronto until they were able to persuade an immigrant to sell his suit. Caplan is now copying it for Robb.

Caplan meets many of his customers on bandstands, stage sets or bar stools. Behind pianos, curtains or screens, or in washrooms, dressing rooms or the offices of obliging managers, he shows them swatches of cloth and measures or fits them. Sometimes he delivers the finished suits to their places of employment and sometimes to their homes.

At one o'clock one morning he delivered a man's suit to the home of Juliette, the television singer who'd had it made up secretly as a gift for her husband, saxophonist Tony Cavazzi. As Caplan was going downstairs from Juliette's apartment he noticed Cavazzi coming up. To protect the secret of the suit Caplan ducked down a corridor and hid until Cavazzi had passed.

On leaving a customer's house Caplan usually visits a night club and seldom gets to his own home before four in the morning. His foam-rubber suite of furniture is covered in gold and beige. An iron lamp standard is fitted with two enormous shades, the shape and color of ice-cream cones. Another feature is an iridescent aquarium in which black, gold, pink and silver fish glide about a submerged chinaware model of Ann

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Hathaway's cottage. On the walls are three pairs of plaques representing a fighting bull and a matador; two West Indian mambo dancers; and the masks of Comedy and Tragedy. The ornaments are dominated by a family of snarling, loping black panthers. But the major attractions are a lined closet stacked from floor to ceiling with eight hundred long-playing jazz records—worth three thousand dollars—and a huge combination radio-television-hi-fi set.

During the hours that Caplan is awake at home—usually between one

and four in the afternoon and four and six in the morning—the hi-fi throbs incessantly to such music as the Shorty Rogers' group playing Sweetheart of Sigmund Freud and Chant Of The Cosmos.

For this reason Stan Helleur, the Toronto Telegram columnist, calls Caplan "the real gone tailor," meaning that Caplan is a fan of Woody Herman, Count Basie, Stan Kenton, and other band-leaders who stress rhythm above melody and use a composer's score only as a basic theme around which to extemporize

staccato clusters of their own notes.

In Caplan's opinion rock 'n' roll is "strictly for peasants and morons;" melodic dance music is for "moldy figs;" and classical-music lovers are "squares." Caplan's opinions on jazz are quoted by Toronto newspapers and he appears as a "chat-back" man on local disc-jockey shows. Caplan is also founder and president of a jazz-fan organization named the Town Club which meets in Toronto nightspots.

More than ten Toronto nightspots now usher Caplan to a reserved seat in

a conspicuous position. The welcome springs from the fact that Caplan, far from being a nuisance to club owners, is a boon.

Although he takes money out of night clubs in orders for suits, he brings more in by publicizing the haunts he frequents. He writes the Man About Town column in the new Canadian showbusiness magazine, Music World. Entertainment-page editors on Toronto's dailies are used to Caplan phoning in gossip items about visiting performers. He discovered, for instance, that George Shearing, the blind pianist, wears a Braille wristwatch and that Duke Ellington sleeps in a yellow bandana to keep his wiry hair under control. Caplan is usually mentioned as the source of these snippets and the club the artist is playing gets a plug.

Three years ago Caplan visited Hollywood and stood in a crowd watching stars enter Ciro's to celebrate a new Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis night-club act. He elbowed his way forward and noticed that all the stars hailed the maître d'hôtel as "George." So Caplan walked up and said, "Hi, George." George, whose job is to know Ciro's customers, looked apprehensive. He said, "I haven't seen you around for a long time, sir." Caplan said, "I've been on location in the desert and I just flew in to catch Dean and Jerry." George summoned a waiter and said, "Show Mr. Ah . . . Mr. Ah . . . to a table."

"It was the most"

Caplan was shown to a table occupied by Ethel Merman, Jo Stafford, Esther Williams and Fred Clark, who was "the Neighbor Next Door" in the original Burns and Allen TV show. There was some tension until Caplan caught and held the eye of Mack Gordon, the elderly composer of Chattanooga Choo Choo, who was passing with a young blonde on each arm. Gordon returned Caplan's stare, harrumphed, and then said, "Hi." Caplan waved and cried, "Hi, Mack." After that everything went smoothly.

Fred Clark asked Caplan if Caplan didn't think that he had been right to quit the Burns and Allen show. "Man," said Caplan, "you were so right. You were getting typed." When Esther Williams asked Caplan where he had been for so long Caplan said he'd been up in Canada looking over a clothing business he owned. Caplan recalls that Esther Williams became "real friendly."

He had six drinks and each time the waiter served him he did what the others did. He nodded. By doing this he discovered that he avoided a bill. "When I left," says Caplan, "I couldn't believe I'd been mixing with all those people. It was too much. It was the most. I don't know who they thought I was or whose account my drinks went on."

Caplan then filed a thousand words of Hollywood gossip to Alex Barris, Toronto entertainment columnist. Barris gave Caplan half a column and when Caplan returned to Toronto he found new clients galore.

Caplan also loves to see his picture in the papers. He employs a part-time photographer named Bruce Cooper to follow him about, "shoot him" in the company of celebrities, and circulate prints to the Toronto press.

Last summer, when Jayne Mansfield posed for Toronto amateur photographers in leopard-skin briefs and bra, Caplan obtained an introduction to her, executed a quick flanking movement and enclosed her in his arms, taking care not to conceal the famous bosom. There



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followed a flurry during which Caplan got into a cheek-to-cheek pose with the astonished star. At this moment Cooper shot the picture and Caplan was rewarded with the publicity of a two-column cut in several newspapers.

The next day a dozen customers—who had been reminded by the picture that they needed new suits—called Caplan for appointments.

None could reach him before midday because he protects himself with a telephone-answering service and sleeps late. Between noon and two, he says, he "wakes up naturally." He asks TAS for his morning messages and spends a couple of hours following up calls. Then he does his clerical work, which is simple because Caplan rarely writes letters. He uses the telephone for all communications, even when he wishes to remind customers of overdue bills. Once he spent thirty dollars in indignant long-distance calls to New York in order to dun an American musician for an overdue account.

While Caplan spends most of his time chasing customers, both good and bad, a few visit his home in the early afternoons.

When I called on Caplan at noon one day the hi-fi was bouncing to the beat of Count Basie in Sixteen Men Swinging. I was about to attempt the Olympian feat of keeping up with Caplan through a typical day in his life. Caplan, just up, was wearing pink and white shorts and breakfasting on a glass of lemon tea, a beef sandwich and six chocolate confections named Weston's Midget Mallows. The telephone rang.

Lowering the hi-fi volume and picking up the receiver Caplan said, "Who's this?" Tartly a girl replied, "It's the short blonde for this week." Caplan laughed, covered the mouthpiece, and said to me, "I got big eyes for this chick." The "chick" berated Caplan for neglecting her and Caplan mollified her by promising her a gift. She said she would like a bed-doll. "What kind of bed doll?" asked Caplan. She said, "A tiger bed doll."

"Listen, baby," said Caplan, "I'm going down to the Ex today and I'll win you a doll if I have to go broke trying."

While Caplan bathed, with a lavish use of skin lotion, hair tonic, talcum powder and deodorants, he kept splashing out of the bathroom to lower the hi-fi and answer the clamorous telephone.

Eva Koch, wife of a CBC television stage-hand crew leader, called to ask Caplan to measure her for a suit, explaining that her figure was too unusual for a suit off the rack. "You and Jayne Mansfield!" cried Caplan. "Mansfield can't buy suits off the rack either. So what are you worrying about already. You got a figure like Jayne Mansfield. I'll be around."

Long-haired Clem Hambourg, maverick son of a famous Toronto family of classical musicians, and owner of the jazz spot, House of Hambourg, called to say his wife, Ruth, in addition to doing all the cooking at the night club, renting its rooms on Sunday mornings to revivalists, and running a course in physical culture, had now designed lounging pajamas which had attracted the interest of a manufacturer. How, asked Hambourg, should she charge for the designs?

"On a royalty basis," said Caplan.

To me, Caplan said, "Everybody wants my advice."

When he had finished dressing Caplan led me out to his car and switched jazz on the radio. "That's Joe Ricco of WHLD Buffalo," he said. "His show's called Jump for Joe."

Caplan jumped happily for Joe on the way downtown. He drove to Leishman's plant, which is in the Tip Top Tailors building, to hand in some measurements. As he walked through the Tip Top plant he hailed many old colleagues. "Hi, Caplan," cried one, "When are you gonna give us a picture of you and Jayne Mansfield?"

A young man with a dead-pan face said, "Dave, I've got a fortune of an idea for you. Cuff links for short-sleeved sports shirts. You get your customers to have their wrists pierced like women

have their ears pierced. Then you sell 'em the pins to stick through their wrists and different sets of studs to clip on each end. Cuff links for short-sleeved sports shirts! Get it?" Caplan said, "How d'ya like that? This guy's morbid. He oughta see a head shrinker."

Hurrying through one of the clerical departments Caplan chuckled under the chin a comely Negro stenographer and left her smiling mysteriously. In a swatch-cutting department he pinched the cheek of a pretty blonde. Wherever he went in Tip Top and Leishman's men and wom-

en greeted him with such remarks as, "How's Esther Williams, Dave?" and "Who're you taking out tonight, Caplan, Marilyn Monroe?"

In Leishman's shipping department Caplan picked up two half-finished and two finished suits, and a tartan sport coat. He drove to the CNE and took the two half-finished suits into the Automotive Building. There Ed Fitkin, CBC sports commentator, was commenting for the demonstrations of the professional American golfer Porky Oliver. Between shows Caplan fitted the suits on Fitkin

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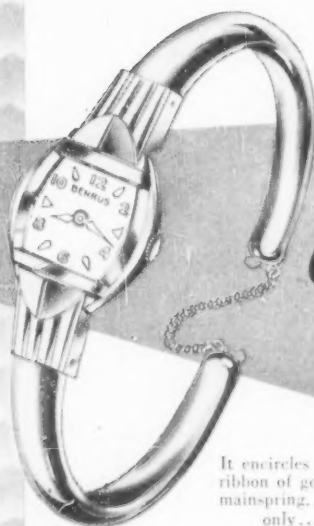
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behind a curtain. As he patted and pinned Fitkin, Caplan talked to Oliver about the bit in the show in which—after some comedy gags—Oliver drives a golf ball off the toe of a volunteer.

"You should build up the comedy suspense," Caplan advised. He held up a black cummerbund belonging to Fitkin, then said to Oliver, "Tie this around your eyes and pretend you are going to do the toe shot blindfold. You'll have your audience screaming." Oliver tried the blindfold during his next show, found it made a good gag, and shouted his thanks to Caplan. "You're welcome," said Caplan.

Caplan then hurried to the Midway where he spent two dollars trying in vain to win a tiger bed doll. Then he made his way toward the car park. He met so many people he knew he hardly stopped talking. The acquaintances included Tim O'Rourke, a columnist on Hush, Joyce Mancuso, an editorial assistant on Music World, Dick Kerrigan, a clothing-company sales manager, and The Tops, four pretty stenographers from Edmonton who were trying to break into Toronto showbusiness as a vocal quartette.

Caplan also hailed trumpeter Bill Sullivan and saxophonist Art Miscove who were playing in the CNE brass band. "I caught you," he yelled gleefully. "You're just a coupla squares." The musicians grinned sheepishly. "They're ashamed," Caplan told me. "They're jazz men, really. They hate being caught out in those doormen's uniforms."

Caplan then met Mike Peterson, another saxophonist who said, "You know that suit you made for me four years ago? Well I burned a hole in the pants. Will you get them fixed?" Caplan said, "How d'ya like that? He buys one suit in four years and then wants me to get the pants fixed." He said to the saxophonist, "You drive the pants up to my apartment in the morning and leave them in the milk box. You'll have 'em back in two days, you cheap skate."

As Caplan was hurrying from the park, munching a twelve-inch hot dog and sipping from a carton of Honeydew, he met a man with the expression of a wounded deer. Caplan exchanged a few quiet words with him. Then he said to me, "You can see he's a good-looking guy. Well he got two rich chicks to fall in love with him and turn a lot of dough over to him. He's just come out of prison."

It was dark now and Caplan decided we needed a drink. He drove to the Park Plaza Hotel and sank a shot of rye and Seven-Up with Alf Coward, a Negro jazz pianist who is playing his way through University of Toronto medical school. Then he drove to the Club One Two and ate a hefty meal. Later, at the Rosedale home of actor John Drainie, he delivered two finished suits. When Drainie tried them on, one of his daughters said, "Oooh, Daddy, you look like Pat Boone."

Caplan then drove to the suburb of Scarborough and measured Eva Koch for a suit. Next he drove back to central Toronto and measured CBC staffer Helen O'Brien. He delivered the tartan sports coat to Les Foster, leader of the band at the Savarin Tavern. Then he showed swatches to Jackie Long, leader of the band at the Concord Tavern, and to Douglas Kemp, leader of the band at the Masonic Temple Dance Hall.

By now it was eleven o'clock and Caplan decided we must "have a ball." At the Stage Door he was given a reserved table in the area frequented by television artists. "Maureen Cannon, an American singer, was belting out a jazz version of I Belong To Glasgow. She gave Caplan

a wink and announced to the crowd, "Dave Caplan is with us tonight." One girl in a party of six stenographers said excitedly to her friends, "It's Dave Caplan, the jazz-mad tailor. He's a bachelor." Caplan acknowledged her desperately available smile with a dignified nod. Then, proudly, he lit a "Celebrity."

Later Caplan said we should do some table-hopping. He said hello to band-leader Billy O'Connor, to Jackie Rae, the MC, to Barbara Hamilton and Kate Reid, who are television actresses, and to the estranged wife of a well-known comedian. He chatted for a while with Kate Reid's husband, actor Austin Willis, who told Caplan that he will only buy a Caplan suit when Caplan can find a high-quality herringbone worsted with herringbones no wider than half an inch.

Toward midnight Caplan invited to his table a crew-cropped young saxophonist named Dave Hammer, and the young comedian of Spring, Thaw fame, Dave Broadfoot. "We're the three Daves," said Caplan. Broadfoot talked about the difficulties of getting a booking in New York. Suddenly he noticed Caplan studying his sports jacket and flannel pants critically. With a crestfallen air Broadfoot fingered



the pants and murmured, "Eight ninety-five, just off Broadway."

At midnight Caplan led his party outside. On Yonge Street they watched a drunk trying to get into the Stage Door. He kept shouting, "I'll get you, buster!" Caplan looked around helpfully and said, "Where's buster?" Nobody seemed to know. Then a cop doubled across the street, seized the drunk, and frog-marched him around the corner. The drunk kept shouting: "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

At this moment Caplan's party was joined on the sidewalk by a pretty, dark young woman in a scarlet raincoat. Caplan introduced her as Ann Marie Moss, "a great little Toronto jazz singer who's not appreciated in her own home town." Miss Moss explained that she was on vacation. She'd never been able to break into Toronto show business, she said, and had to earn her living singing "corny ballads" in U.S. bars. Caplan said that Miss Moss was too plump to make a hit. "I'm not," said Miss Moss. "You are," cried Caplan. "I'm not," she said. "You are," he cried. With blazing eyes Miss Moss took two steps back, threw open her coat, and said, "Take a look at that." Caplan studied Miss Moss's figure and said, "Ten pounds overweight." Miss Moss said, "I'm not." Caplan said, "Well, five pounds anyway." Miss Moss flounced off. "A great kid," said Caplan.

A few minutes later Caplan sat down to baked spare ribs and beer with Broadfoot, Hammer and me in the dining

room of the Town Tavern. We were joined by George Robb, Caplan's architect customer, and a gorgeous blonde who nodded her head dreamily to the modern jazz of the Norm Amadio Trio. When the trio didn't get much applause Amadio held up a white flag and played on the piano a spoof of the melodic kind of music "squares" are supposed to like. There was a roar of superior laughter from the jazz fans and after that Amadio got plenty of applause.

The singer was a beautiful American Negro named Lorlean Hunter who, after her show, joined Caplan. It turned out that one night in New York Caplan had rescued her from a sailor, Miss Hunter indicated two handsome young Negro men who were waiting for her at another table and told Caplan they were becoming "too possessive." But Caplan wasn't interested in knight errantry this time. He wanted to take me to the House of Hambourg.

At the bottom of a rickety staircase, in a cellar of vaulted brickwork, hung with oil paintings of famous jazz artists and lit by many candles, a quintette was playing esoteric jazz under the leadership of Jack Lander, a bearded Australian. The House of Hambourg is dry and most of the audience were clean-cut youngsters from the University of Toronto. They drank ginger ale and munched sandwiches.

Clem Hambourg, a man in late middle-age with tawny hair hanging about his shoulders, a rumpled suit, a tie all awry, and the sort of expression you see on absent-minded professors in comic strips, showed Caplan a photograph of a scantily dressed woman with a nubile figure. She was standing in the classic pose of the Greek urn carrier. Hambourg said she was one of his wife's physical-culture students and asked Caplan to guess her age. Caplan guessed thirty-five. Hambourg clapped his hands triumphantly and cried, "She's ninety! Truly! A veritable Ninon de Lenclos!"

Then out of the crowd came Ann Marie Moss and offered to sing. She sang wistful jazz numbers which enraptured the youngsters. When she had finished they applauded and cried "Bravo!" and "Hooray!" Caplan shouted "Hooray!" several times and then clutched my arm. "Don't mention I said 'Hooray,'" he said. "It's considered corny," Ann Marie Moss had forgotten the quarrel over her weight and joined Caplan's party. She said over and again how she wished she could break into Toronto show business. Caplan said, "You'll have to take some weight off." This time she smiled.

At three-thirty the House of Hambourg closed and Caplan drove me to his home. He put Benny Goodman on the hi-fi, lay on his back on the chesterfield and then, in the manner of a patient talking to a deaf psychiatrist, began to shout above the music about the beginnings of his life.

Between the World Wars his Russian-born father ran a second-hand store in the poor Jewish quarter of Toronto. When he died, five years after Dave Caplan's birth, the family moved into a walk-up cold-water flat. Mrs. Caplan and Dave's two older sisters went out to work.

At fourteen Dave Caplan studied at the Central High School of Commerce where he began to hero worship a buddy named Teddy Roderman who had a trombone and played in a group engaged for high-school hops. Caplan wanted to emulate Roderman but he couldn't afford a trombone, so he had to be content with following his hero around and doing small chores for the band.

Once Roderman was engaged to play at Ridley College, a boys' boarding

school in St. Catharines. Roderman lent Caplan a white jacket and a pair of blue pants and invited him to tag along. When Caplan walked into the college ballroom he was indignant because all the students were also dressed in white jackets and blue pants. "I like to be different," he explained.

He took a girl for a walk in the grounds and just as he was about to disappear with her into the darkness a porter ran up and said, "You know the rules. No ladies beyond the light of the arc lamps." Caplan said, "Listen, you, I don't

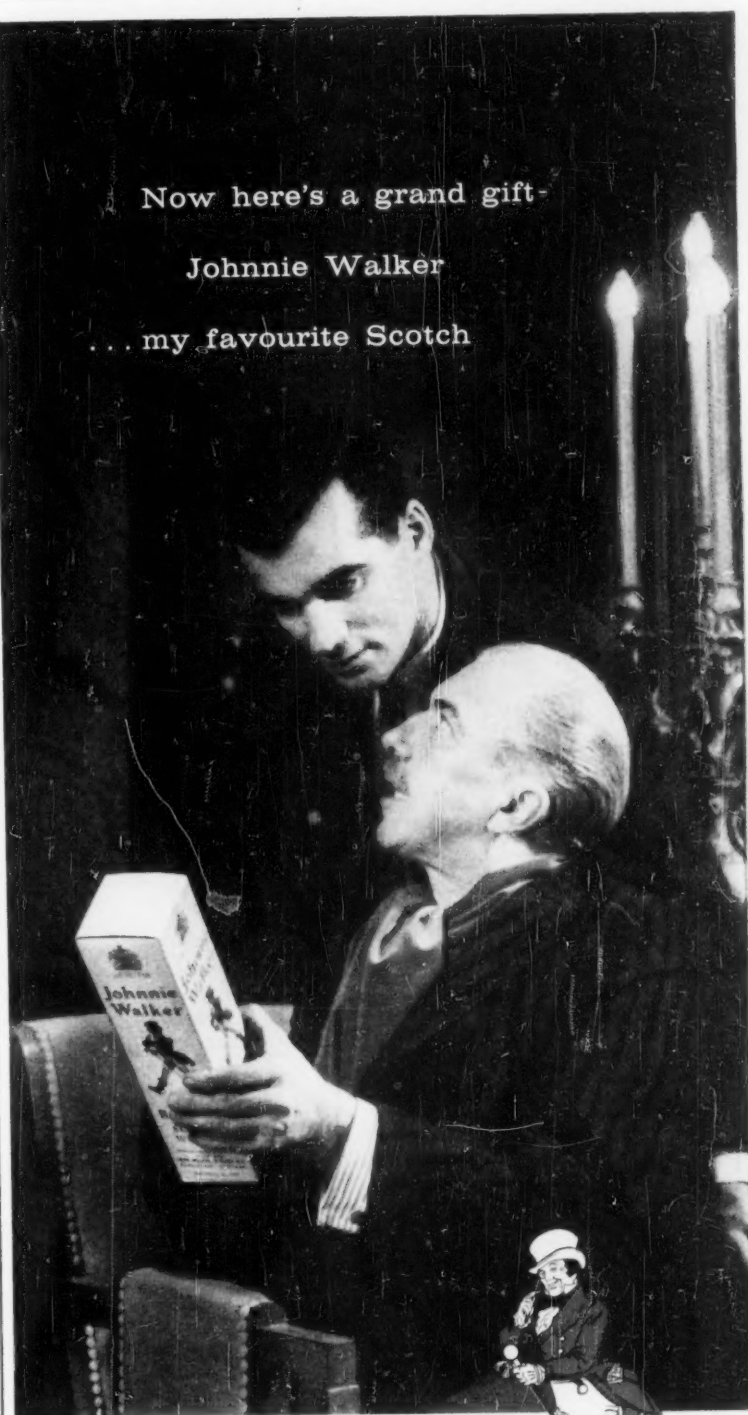
go to this lousy school. I'm with the orchestra." With the air of a man who's produced a passport he conducted the girl into the trees.

When he was sixteen Caplan went to work in a factory, ironing the felt crowns of men's hats. He received six one-dollar bills and seventy-five cents in silver every Friday. He gave the bills to his mother and kept the silver. Later he moved to Tip Top Tailors and started by lugging a trolley full of half-made suits from one department to another. Eventually he became a "ticket marker," a fifty-a-week

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job that involved interpreting measurements for the cutters.

He was still hobnobbing with musicians. In return for their companionship Caplan used to scour Toronto for rooms where they could hold jam sessions free. Once, after looking for a room in vain, he went in desperation to the Red Cross Lodge of Christie Street Hospital and told the matron that a few friends of his would like to play weat music for the convalescent patients. A room was made available. Dozens of patients arrived in wheel chairs. A few seconds after the jam session started there was a jam of wheel chairs at the door as the patients tried to escape.

Roderman became one of Toronto's foremost radio musicians and suggested that Caplan should make extra money by tailoring suits in his spare time for "cool cats." Caplan's first "name" customer was Billy O'Connor. O'Connor introduced Caplan to Dick MacDougall. Since then Caplan has never looked back.

As soon as Caplan began to earn good money his two sisters stopped work-

ing and married. Caplan lived with his mother in the cold-water flat, until her death eighteen months ago. Then he moved to his present apartment. He took with him a long-playing record of his mother singing plaintive Yiddish songs. At five o'clock on that morning that ended a typical day in Caplan's life he put the record on the hi-fi. The songs, so different from the jazz on which he thrives, brought tears to Caplan's eyes. When he removed the record he said, "Don't say anything about this. The boys will think I'm square."

As if to drum the memory of the old Jewish songs out of my mind, Caplan put on, and turned up to full blast, Stan Kenton playing Artistry Jumps.

I tottered out into the dawn. As I walked away Caplan shouted, "I'll make you a suit." I turned wearily and shouted back, "Look, Caplan, the only suit I need right now is a wooden one." Caplan roared, "Ho! Ho! Say, that's good. Yeah, that's real good. I'll tell you what, I'll use it in my column. Yeah man. I'll give you a plug." ★



How Scrooge might spend Christmas 1957

Continued from page 27

Holy Night, he knew, had more sell per syllable

stine and Goldie. He was walking up and down excitedly. He had just thought up the slogan, "The Three Wise Men Would Have Got There Faster In a Plymouth," which got him his first big account.

By now he was conscious of being exhausted. "Take me home," he told the spirit. "Haunt me no longer." And he found himself back in his bedroom, wondering what had happened to that little sleigh, in fact to the little hill, as the last time he had driven past there all he could find was a shopping centre. He sank into a heavy sleep.

Awaking in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, he thought he heard a noise down in his private bar. He went downstairs. Sitting on a bar stool was a jolly giant, who looked about ready to be cut off.

"Come in!" exclaimed the ghost. "Come in! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present."

The bar vanished, and T.F. and the ghost hovered over Toronto and Montreal and Winnipeg, where the people were slipping in snow and sitting in cars in long traffic jams. They stood in the city streets where (for the weather was severe) stalled cars and skidding tires made an unpleasant kind of music. Motorists called out merrily to one another:

"Why don't you go back to Montreal, Mac, and get your driver's license?"

"Where the hell is it going to get you? We've all got to wait for the light to change."

In the stores there were Christmas lines of toiletries, and smoking jackets for Dad, and angels on top of four-ply tubeless tires, Persian Mellon for Her, ties for Him, electric razors for mother. There were manufacturer's regular thirty-five-dollar cedar chests for thirteen ninety-five, cheery signs saying that you could save ten bucks on dad's power-saw set, great round-bellied baskets of candy reduced to clear. Signs that said, "Only Three More Shopping Days." Christmas trees for five and a half dol-

lars each. Barbecues shaped like waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, with no refund, no exchange, no delivery. Signs that said, "Shop On Our Budget Floor After Singing Christmas Carols." Hi-fi sets entreating and beseeching to be taken home and paid for in thirty-six monthly installments. In outlying districts, where soft snow fell, signs that said, "Patronize your neighborhood stores this Christmas." And at the same time there emerged from scores of bystreets, lanes and nameless turnings, innumerable people, carrying parcels, frowning at traffic lights, cursing motorists.

Scrooge and his guide went on, invisible, and the spirit stopped to bless the home of Little Bob Cratchit, F.T.'s market-analysis man, where Mrs. Cratchit was trying to keep supper warm.

"What has ever got into your precious father, then? And your brother, Tiny Tim?" shrieked Mrs. Cratchit, who had done all the shopping for the family, addressed all the Christmas cards (that rascal, Bob Cratchit, didn't even know who he sent cards to any more), decorated the house, taken the children to the Santa Claus parade, and was faced with cooking a Christmas goose for eighteen people. Mrs. Cratchit, in fact, was in as fine a state of nerves as you could meet in a day's tramp through the woods. She was a sensitive person, susceptible to mob hysteria, and she was now stimulated to such a pitch that she was having alternating spells of elation and startling urges to take a handful of sleeping pills. And it wasn't being helped by TV, which was playing Holy Night for the 5,197th time since November 15, as it had been shown by Hooker Ratings and TV Facts to have more sell per syllable than any other carol.

Then in came Little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of fringe, hanging down before him and Tiny Tim upon his shoulders.

"Get off! GET OFF!" Little Bob cried. "I told you I'd carry you to the house. Why do you kids overdo everything?"

Bob, who last thing at the office had

looked at his bank balance, had been trying to forget it at the Elbow Room. Now, turning up his cuffs, he began to compound some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemon, and stirred it round and round, repeating with a blank stare, "Three dollars and seventy-seven cents. Three dollars and seventy-seven cents!"

Little Cratchits are popping up everywhere. Never was there such a shouting! Hallo! Bob has gone back to the mixture in the kitchen. What's this! Mrs. Cratchit is sobbing in the bedroom. Oho! She throws a slipper across the room and says, "One damned night in the year I expect him home on time and he comes in looking as if somebody had hit him on the back of the head with a stone." Stop! Someone on TV is singing a commercial to the tune of Good King Wenceslas:

Mr. Shopper went to buy
An ordinary ra-a-a-zor!

"Will you turn that b - - - thing off!" Little Bob cries and one little Cratchit switches to channel six.

"And remember, children," a confidential voice says, "Tell Dad to change to Fluorobile. You see, it goes right into his stomach and rolls up its sleeves and gets to work. Tell him to ask for the giant, self-squeezing tube with the electronic screw top. And now, from your friendly Fluorobile dealer, God Bless you, every one."

"Let's look at Gunsmoke," cried Tiny Tim.

"Spirit," said T.F., with an interest he had never felt before. "Tell me. Do Bob Cratchit and his family always act like this?"

"Only at Christmas time," said the spirit. "The children are so excited by the loot they're going to get that they don't know what they're doing. As for Bob Cratchit, he's a good husband and devoted father. He's broke, that's all that's wrong with him. He's spent two hundred and eighty-five dollars on Christmas. The man's a nervous wreck."

The bell struck twelve. T.F. looked about him for the ghost, and saw it not. Instead he beheld a solemn phantom, draped and hooded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas To Come."

"Are you going to show me shadows of things that have not happened?" T.F. asked. "Is that so, spirit?"

"Briefly," the ghost said. "But people haven't time for all that these days. We've had our IBM editing machine prune it for busy readers. We call it the Businessman's Digest. What happens is that you die and nobody misses you. We've got it all in one paragraph. The company gets a younger man for your job. He has ideas with size. He puts over a new slogan: Pray, but Make It Pay."

"Specter," said T.F. "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand."

He saw an alteration in the phantom's hood and dress. It shrank, collapsed, dwindled down, became a bedpost.

Yes! And the bedpost was T.F.'s own. The bed was his own, the room was his own.

"I will have a Christmas holiday," he cried as he scrambled out of bed. "I will get out of here. I will take my family to someplace where Christmas is observed quietly and with dignity."

He was so flustered and so glowing with good intentions, and his face was wet with tears.

He phoned his secretary.

"Hallo! Whoop! Hallo there! What's today?"

"Eh?" returned his secretary, with all her might of wonder.

"What's today, my fine girl?"

"Today!" replied his secretary. "Why, the day before Christmas."

"Can you get a family reservation on TCA for Bermuda?"

"I should hope I could," cried his secretary.

"An intelligent secretary," said T.F. "A remarkable secretary. Then make a reservation for me. Get it in less than two minutes and I'll give you another Christmas bonus."

T.F. chuckled while he dialed his wife on the inter-bedroom phone, and chuck-

led as he waited for her to answer, chuckled as he sat down breathless in his chair.

"Mary! Get out your strapless bras. Tell the kids to get their bathing suits packed. We're going to Bermuda. It's quieter there."

He went out and walked about the streets, and watched the people crowding onto subways and buses, fighting for bargains at counters, reporting clerks for insolence, holding out for higher prices on Christmas trees. "I'm going to Bermuda," he told everyone, eliciting grunts

from a few shoppers who said, "I'd like to be going with you till it's all over."

"A merry Christmas," T.F. cried, until people had a momentary idea of knocking him down and holding him and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait waistcoat.

He had no further intercourse with spirits, but he had no further intercourse with bigger and busier Christmases, either, and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! ★

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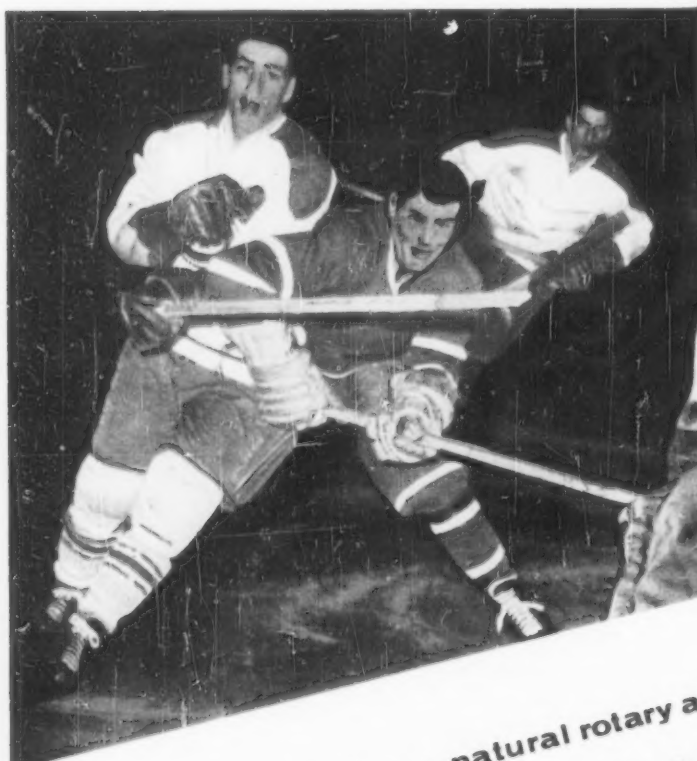
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The bonnie babes of the Bank of Lower Canada

Continued from page 23



"A baby picture, Carruthers?" said Angus Mather. "You must be out of your head."

honorable profession and the B of LC the finest bank in Canada. There was just one reply that could give rise to concern. To the question, "Do you look on the senior officials of the bank as likable human people?" only twenty-three percent had answered "always" and seventeen percent "frequently," forty-four percent had ticked "sometimes" and an awful sixteen percent "never."

It was good to have this justification for the money spent on the survey, but Charley wished it had occurred in some less sensitive area. To tell president Blake Jopson, the general manager and the assistant general managers, not to mention Gordon Broadhead, the terrible chief inspector, that three out of five of their subordinates had doubts about their humanity was quite an undertaking.

But it was not beyond the p.r. talents of Charley Stagg. "And so there is," he said at the end of his factual presentation, "this single weak spot. It's the result, I must admit, of my department falling down on the job. As the senior executives of our great institution you are all very busy men with heavy responsibilities. Naturally you haven't the time to consider how to present yourselves to those you work with. Your achievements are what count; that is what Canada requires of you. But we, for our part, should have devoted more attention to our task of showing you to the staff—and through them to the public—as the pleasant understanding people you really are. I have begun to line up a program to make good this failure."

The scapegoat was ready, even eager; the executive could shake itself free of any lingering self-doubts. Though Gordon Broadhead suggested the whole business was a pile of nonsense, he was overruled by the president himself. Charley Stagg was complimented on his survey and authorized to press on with his program.

His first move was to summon Stew Carruthers, editor of *The Open Account*, the B of LC staff magazine. Stew had begun his banking career as a junior clerk who preferred to write poetry. He spent many hours penning and polishing his Canadian epic, *The Genesis of a Nation*. But he could never quite bring it to the point of publication. Meanwhile, however, he had blasted his banking career by talking and behaving like a poet.

But not his career at the bank. When it was decided that a staff magazine was a necessary evil, Stew Carruthers' literary reputation made him the obvious choice for editor. He had held the

position now for ten years, the last three reporting—according to the organization charts—to Charley Stagg. But, assured the editorial chair was his until the day of retirement, he did not let his subordination weigh too heavily.

They sat opposite each other across Charley's limed-oak desk. His rank in the hierarchy entitled Charley to the smallest-size mahogany, but he had requested limed oak as a distinctive witness to his particular role. And he had even acquired an old-rose carpet to go with it. This special setup of Charley's always irked Stew, whose editorship provided just a standard cubicle within the general office.

Now a lean drawn man, with the weary gestures of a former poet, still somewhat long-haired and floppy-collared, he watched the director of public relations bounce up and down behind his desk with agitating enthusiasm. There were absent moments when he thought he could actually hear Charley, round and Boston-bullish, barking.

"This is our great opportunity, Stew," Charley was saying. "We can prove our value to them as we never have before. Here"—he waved the survey report—"I have a scientific measurement of staff attitude, showing up this most significant weak spot. We do our stuff. Then we measure again, just as scientifically, and present them with the improvement in statistics. If that doesn't sell p.r. to front office once and for all..."

"How are you going to achieve your improvement?"

Stew used the second person like a rapier. Charley riposted: "It will be *our* achievement, Stew. The Open Account will spearhead our program."

"More pictures of curling and golf matches? A photo feature of the president and his lady relaxing on the beach at Nassau? Another editorial on what success hasn't done to our beloved bosses?"

"You think they've been spoiled by their success, Stew?"

"I wouldn't generalize. Blake Jopson was always a hard nut; Gerry Bartholomew has remained a good-natured guy. But take Gordon Broadhead. He didn't use to be the flinty character he is now. I can remember when he was quite human. The hardness has grown as he's battled up the ladder."

"I agree it's not easy, Stew. It requires thought, inspiration."

"And you're not going to change attitudes with a mess of words. Send every guy forty ounces of Scotch at Christmas with the president's personal compliments, and maybe..."

"A little too direct, Stew; crude if I might say so. What we have to do is capture the staff's imagination. Make the boys and girls in the branches see these men as they really are."

A wicked idea slipped into Stew Carruthers' brain, one of those ideas that arrived from time to time to make up for the loss of active poetry-making.

"I've heard you say, Charley, that there are three ways to get readership for an ad—use a dog, a baby or a pretty girl. Well you can't change their sex or cover them with fur."

Charley gasped. "Holy smoke, Stew! Babies! We were all babies once. That's the one common denominator. The Open Account can run a series of pictures of the executives as babies, with cutlines on their honest down-to-earth ancestry. Blake Jopson's father was a farmer in

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PHILIPS INDUSTRIES LIMITED

"You're not having any pictures of mine for your disgusting show, Carruthers," Broadhead barked

Haliburton: Gerry Bartholomew once told me his mother took in washing. There's our opening cannonade."

But the spirit of poesy was still on Stew Carruthers. "A dull way of doing it, Charley. Just pictures and words as usual."

"And you suggest?"

"A contest. We get all these baby pictures and we print them and ask, 'Which is which? Name the president—the chief inspector. Two weeks in Florida—or Disneyland—or where you like for the man or girl who sends in the first correct solution.'"

"Isn't your prize a bit extravagant?"

"No more than the idea." Stew sat back, waiting for Charley to pick holes in his fantasy the way he had so many times in the past. But Charley, who always recognized opportunity face to face, merely said, "You better start getting those pictures together at once. We've got to make the June issue."

"But I . . ."

"You've sold me, Stew."

"They won't let me have any pictures. Can you imagine Angus Mather . . . ?"

"Go to their wives."

"But if . . . ?"

"Then their mothers. And, just to make sure, I'll get Mr. Jopson's personal support."

You'd damn fool, Stew Carruthers grumbled at himself as he returned to his cubicle, why didn't you keep your mouth shut? Why can you never keep it shut?

CHARLEY made his appointment with the president. "In this program, sir, to humanize the executive . . ."

"What?"

"To make them appear human, sir. I mean, to make clear their evident humanity."

The president relaxed, nodded. "Okay, go on."

"I've had an idea for a feature in The Open Account that I'm sure will get a hundred percent readership."

"Fine. I suppose you want me to write a personal message."

"Er—no, not at this stage, Mr. Jopson. What I would like is a photograph of you as a baby—and of the other members of the executive, of course. Then we'd run a contest."

"A baby contest, Charley? Pick the finest baby?"

"Oh no, sir. Pick the president. We'll print all the pictures together and offer a prize for the first person to name them correctly."

"Not a very dignified way to present the senior officers of the Bank of Lower Canada."

To Blake Jopson, modernizer of the B of L.C., "dignified," Charley knew, was all but a term of abuse; his case was won, and far more easily than he had expected. "No, Mr. Jopson, not dignified," he said, "just human."

"Okay, I'll see what I can dig up for you." And the president added suddenly, "Matter of fact, I was the prize-winning baby of my year at the Haliburton Agricultural Fair."

"Congratulations, sir. And would you speak to the other members of the executive?"

"Hm." The president pondered. "I prefer to leave it to their good judgment—at least for the present."

Charley made much to Stew of having got him the president's picture, a fine buttock view of the victor beside his silver cup. "The rest, my boy, is up to you," he said.

Stew started with Angus Mather, the general manager, whom even his closest associates never managed to call anything but AgM.

"A baby picture of me, Carruthers? You must be out of your mind."

"I don't think so, sir. We have the president. Would you like to see him?" Stew began to open his file.

"I—I don't feel called on to inspect the . . ." If one could only distinguish the different hues, A.M., it seemed to Stew, might actually be blushing.

"The whole bank will be inspecting it soon, sir. Yours too, I trust."

A.M. shook his head in appalled comment. Then he said suddenly, "Well let me see it." After an arm's-length inspection he added, "You don't object to a little—covering?"

"Anything you like, sir," Stew wondered if the general manager were going to use blue paint as they did on Montreal cinema posters. But the sealed envelope, which the chief messenger brought Stew next morning, contained a rather faded photograph of a glum kilted two-year-old. "No challenge there," Stew commented, as he added it to the file.

His reception by the assistant general managers varied. Gerry Bartholomew told a string of stories about babies and how they came into the world, and provided a picture that almost rivaled the president's. Of the four others, two were horrified, resisted and finally gave way; two were just horrified and resisted. Acting on the instructions he had received, Stew then forced himself to approach their wives. But his trepidation was unnecessary. Mrs. Wilmott and Mrs. Worthington both thought it was a beautiful idea and both had family albums in a back drawer of their personal writing desks. Mrs. Wilmott gave him coffee while she chose the most flattering presentation, a studio portrait with a model boat as a prop. It even had cotton-wool steam billowing out of the funnels. Mrs. Worthington handed him the album and told him to pick for himself. He decided on a snapshot of the infant AGM measured by his proud father against a freshly caught pike. Both wives agreed not to breathe a word to their husbands until the pictures had appeared; it seemed that they were in favor of humanization.

So only Gordon Broadhead, the chief

inspector, remained. Surely with so many scalps on view, Stew thought, even Broadhead would put up only token resistance.

But he was wrong.

GORDON Broadhead was a very large robust man. Yet such an immense frame housed the meticulous brain required in a chief inspector. In his own encounter Stew was most conscious of the physical strength of the man who loomed over him. "You're not having any picture of mine for your disgusting show, Carruthers. Tell that to your Mr. Stagg."

"But, sir, every other member of the executive—is right here. Perhaps you'd like to look. It might give you an idea."

"I said no, Carruthers, and I mean no. The fatuous antics you public-relations people dream up . . . Now off you go. I'm busy."

Well, there'll be a wife to deal with, Stew consoled himself. But there wasn't, nor a mother according to the staff department records. No next-of-kin was listed for the chief inspector. Stew presented his file to Charley Stagg and said, "I guess we'll have to hold the show without him."

"No, we won't," Charley exploded. "The entire executive must be there or it'll defeat the whole scientific purpose." Stew noted with interest that the mantle of science had stretched from the survey to the contest, but then Charley Stagg and Gordon Broadhead were old enemies. "He refused absolutely?"

"He didn't actually throw me out of the office."

"I'll speak to the president."

Four days later, coming back from lunch, Stew found an envelope on his desk marked Confidential. Inside was a worn creased picture of a grinning curly-haired boy of about eighteen months, sitting on a young woman's lap. It had been taken in Atlantic City. There was no note attached.

It was decided that a hundred-dollar savings account was a suitable first prize for the contest, with several smaller prizes to be awarded on a regional basis. Anyone in the bank could send in an entry, apart from the executive and the public-relations department.

The contest was a terrific success. Within two weeks more than eight out of ten employees had sent in their en-

tries. It became the chief subject of conversation for all Canadian bankers from coast to coast. A large number of columnists and editors found in it source for reflection—mainly favorable. A Social Credit member asked in parliament if it were true that the government was planning something similar on a national scale to stimulate the sale of Canada Savings Bonds.

Once all the entries were in, Charley and Stew began judging. And they found among them a number of letters. Most of these praised the contest; a few, too few for serious concern, attacked it as cheap and undignified. "Old stuffed shirts," Charley pointed out. "They just don't appreciate what our bank stands for in the modern world."

It was during the third judging session that he opened a letter that made him roar with excitement. "Read this, Stew. It's tremendous."

Headed "The Sunlight Old Folks Home, Cooksville," it was addressed to The Editor, The Open Account:

Dear Sir,

I am 76 years old. Another lady who lives here used to work for your bank and so she receives your magazine. She showed me the picture of the lovely babies and I recognized my own little boy, Harold, whom I was forced to abandon by forces beyond my control when he was just two years old. I am quite sure it is Harold, the little boy with curly hair who is smiling in the right-hand upper corner. I am with him. The picture was taken in happier days in Atlantic City. It would be an act of great kindness to tell him that his poor old mother is longing to see him. I am truly sorry for what I did to him, but I am happy to see he has made his way in the world. His father too was a very forceful man.

Yours respectfully,
Alice Capstick (Mrs.)

"Gordon Broadhead's mother," Charley said.

"An old crank," Stew answered.

"Didn't you say Broadhead has no next-of-kin? And he made a terrible fuss about producing any picture at all. And his photograph was taken in Atlantic City. I'm sure he's her son." Charley's voice boomed with enthusiasm. "What a story, Stew. What a bonus! Our contest in The Open Account brings together the chief inspector and his long-lost mother. It'll be a sensation. And make a lot of people see Gordon Broadhead as a human being for the first time—which is just what we're trying to do, in spite of his deplorable attitude. We must get him to Cooksville at once. You arrange for a photographer."

"I don't think he's going to like it, Charley."

"Stew!" Charley was sincerely shocked. "Not like finding his own mother again—after fifty years? How can you suggest such a thing—even of Broadhead?"

"Fifty years is a long time."

"The feelings of a mother for her child, of a child for his mother . . . nothing in this world . . ." Charley's eyes had lit up, but not Stew's. "Very well, I'll speak to him myself. Right now."

"Yes, what is it?" As usual the chief inspector had his work piled up around him like a barricade.

"Gordon, the most amazing, the most wonderful thing has happened. Your mother has recognized your picture in The Open Account."



"Well, so much for the spirit of Christmas past."

"My mother?" It was stupefaction first. That was natural; Charley waited for the love and happiness to burst forth. "My mother! Don't be a fool, Stagg."

"There seems very little doubt. She even named the place where the picture was taken. I can understand that after all these years it's something of a shock..."

"This is what comes of your half-witted contest."

"Half-witted? With practically everyone who works for the bank sending in an answer? It's a stupendous success. No public-relations project I know of—anywhere—has done so much to humanize an executive. And now this discovery of your mother—it's another national story."

"I forbid you to mention a word about it. This is my personal business. I... oh get out and let me get on with my work." Charley Stagg found the chief inspector's bulk positively menacing.

He returned to his office, torn alternately by disgust and rage. "I couldn't believe it, Stew. A member of the executive of this bank to deny his own mother."

"Maybe she isn't."

"I'm sure she is. The air was heavy with his sense of guilt."

"What are you going to do now?"

"My hand is forced. I have to appeal to Mr. Jopson."

"I wonder if that's wise, Charley. This really is a personal matter."

"But it's the most magnificent story, Stew. The drama! The significance! In all my years in public relations I've never dreamed of a story like this."

"I think you ought to hold off, Charley. Let the dust settle."

"With that poor soul waiting for her answer?"

"She's waited for fifty years. And we might work out some way of getting Broadhead to co-operate."

There were many men who said that, in spite of his manners, Gordon Broadhead was the next president but one. "If you think so," Charley agreed after some consideration. "I suppose we can afford a day or two more. Meanwhile I'll draft up a publicity program. We mustn't miss any chances when it does break."

STEW Carruthers sat late in his cubicle, catching up with work the contest had made him put aside. He was alone in the department when Gordon Broadhead walked in.

"Evening, Carruthers. You folks don't usually stay so late, do you?"

"No, sir. This is rather an unusual situation."

"I'll say it is." The chief inspector sat down. He looked tired, distressed. It took him a while to speak. "Carruthers," he said finally. "I've always thought you a reasonable person. You worked in a branch; you don't seem to be taken in by all this nonsense."

"I hope not, sir."

"I suppose Stagg has told you about our conversation?"

"Yes, he has."

"The president insisted I produce a photograph. He absolutely insisted."

Gordon Broadhead's voice was high and strained. Stew looked closely at him and understood. "But it's not yours?"

"No."

"Whose is it?"

"Hal Beasley's."

"I don't think I..."

"He's on the building staff—looks after the furnace room. We're old friends. grew up in the same orphanage. Hal had this picture on him when he was found. I had nothing. I couldn't imagine anyone recognizing him."

"But she's his mother."

"It seems so."

"Have you told him about the letter?"

"Just now. I've never seen old Hal so excited. He wanted to get on tonight's train to Toronto."

"Is he going to?"

"I persuaded him to wait a little. Because of—well, certain complications."

There was a long silence. "Mr. Broadhead," Stew said finally, "why don't you tell Charley Stagg what has happened?"

"And have him turn me into one of his national stories? I can't, Carruthers. If Mr. Jopson hadn't been so insistent I'd have explained to him. But he said

I had to be in the contest, that I was mainly responsible for that 'never' percentage. Hell, a chief inspector can't go round smiling at people all the time."

It would be impossible to publicize Hal Beasley's reunion with his mother without revealing the chief inspector's distressing part in it. It was equally impossible, Stew now saw, to tell Charley what had happened—in view of the state of Stagg-Broadhead relations, the many occasions the chief inspector had said what he thought of the p.r. department. In twenty-four hours everyone in head office

and the Montreal branches would be laughing like mad at Gordon Broadhead. And he, poor man, might never recover from the embarrassment.

Stew began to think out loud. "Suppose we—er—made your parentage sound a little doubtful, suggested that this woman wasn't exactly..."

"No, Carruthers. It wouldn't be fair on her—or Hal."

Now the feeling of guilt began to grow in Stew Carruthers. Off-handedly, lightly, he had launched the whole project; he alone was responsible for the

Water reveals whisky's true flavour

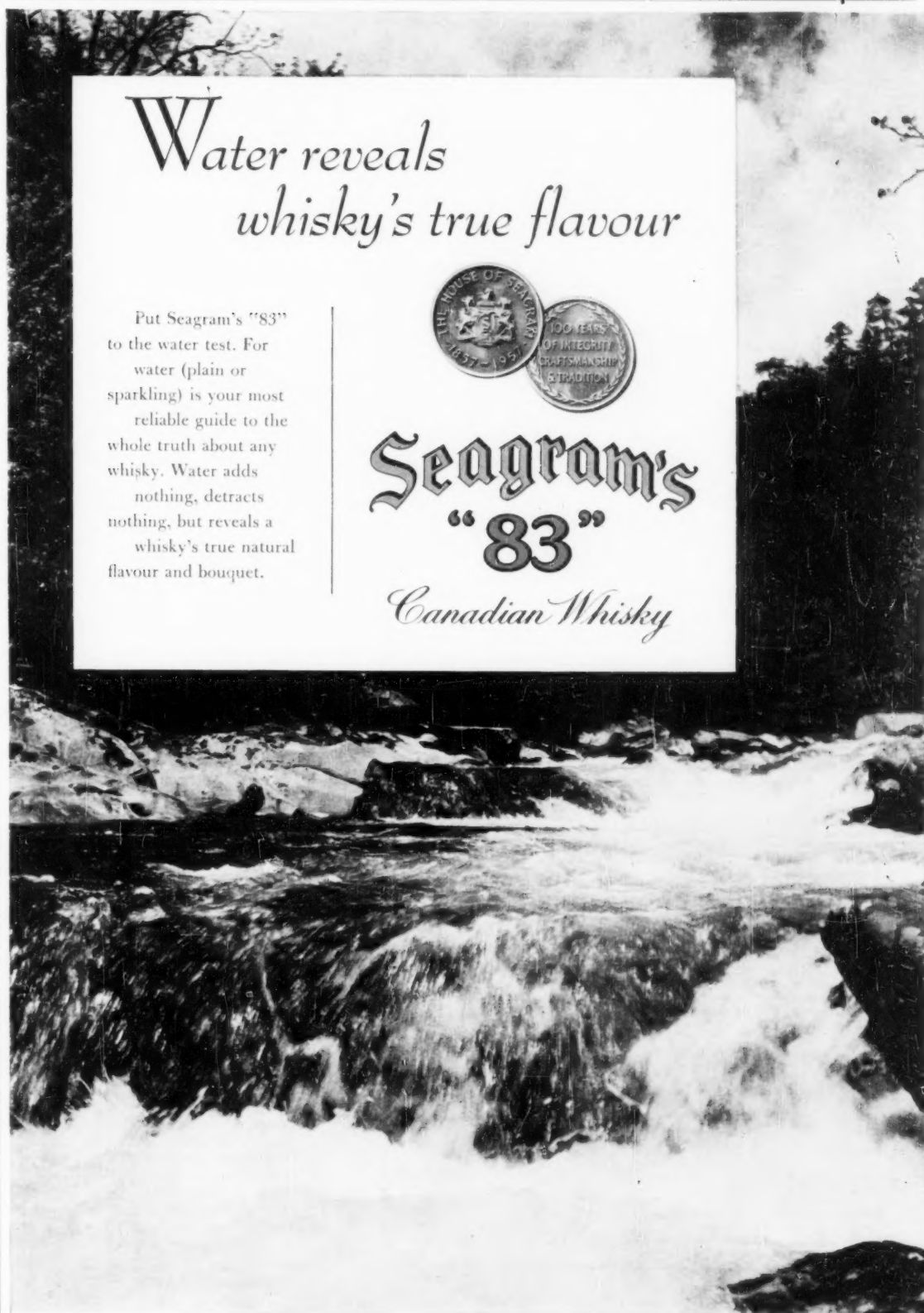
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magic



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chief inspector's ghastly dilemma. He sought a solution feverishly—and found none. At last he said, "I'll think of some way out, Mr. Broadhead. I promise you I will."

And the terrible chief inspector just said, "If you do I'll never know how to thank you enough."

After his visitor had left, Stew sat staring at the contest answers that filled his cubicle, hundreds, thousands of envelopes still to be opened. Envelopes from all parts of the country—cities, towns and villages—stamped and postmarked. And then the way to save Gordon Broadhead burst upon him. It's lucky, he thought, I've such a fine selection of sisters, aunts and female cousins.

HE was very busy that night and the following morning. In the afternoon he managed to pin Charley Stagg down to a full-scale attack on the remaining answers, taking care to open the envelopes himself. They found in all, twelve letters claiming one member or other of the executive as a long-lost son. Some were heart-rending, others poetic in their simplicity; several contained strong circumstantial evidence. The first two or three thrilled Charley as much as they puzzled him. Later he became quite disgusted.

"I can't understand," he said, "how women can get ideas like this." He had just put down a letter from a New Brunswick farmer's widow, who knew for sure she had given birth to the dear little boy with the dear little bottom.

"It's quite natural," Stew said. "Loneliness, repression, that sort of thing."

"I suppose we must have them all investigated."

"I don't know about that, Charley. If

this story got out, the bank would become something of a laughing stock." Charley contemplated the awful possibility. "I think it would be better if I wrote each one a letter saying we're deeply sympathetic but in this case she's mistaken. I'm sure that will settle the matter."

"Except for that one from Cooksville."

"I can't see how she's any different from the rest. But I'll write her a less positive letter. If she's genuine we're bound to hear from her again."

And Charley Stagg, whose faith in human nature had been shaken, allowed himself to be persuaded.

The contest was won by an assistant accountant in New Westminster. And the president was not hard to convince of the need for a second survey of staff opinion. It showed that sixty-two percent of the men and women who worked for the Bank of Lower Canada now regarded their senior officers as likable, human people—always or frequently, that is. The incorrigible nevers were down to nine percent. This was generally conceded to represent a major triumph for the director of public relations. But Charley Stagg told Stew Carruthers that he felt the results would have been still better if he had listened to his inner voice, and followed through on those thirteen long-lost mothers. For hidden among them, he said, might have been a story the like of which he would never meet again.

Mrs. Alice Capstick is now living happily with her son Harold, her daughter-in-law and five grandchildren in their duplex in Notre Dame de Grâce. And she's very glad, she says, that Harold didn't take after his father in the matter of forcefulness. ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 6

"Parents generally have two standards of truth—one for children and one for everybody else"

with other parts of himself, it will be extremely difficult for him to act as a sound foundation for the grown-up person that he will later become. If continual building goes on, as it does in every intelligent person, on the foundation of childhood experience, by the time he has added thirty or forty or fifty stories, as it were, the stability of the early stories becomes tremendously important. It will determine whether the upper levels of his structure will stand or not, because the early stories are still part of the personality, indeed are the very foundation of every personality.

This, I think, we have not learned sufficiently. When we think about it, we all know that it is true, and yet we feel that we have a license, as it were, to misinform children without any feeling of irresponsibility; to tell them weird things; even to teach them things or have other people teach them things that we don't believe ourselves.

This, of course, is unfair not only to the individual child, but is unfair socially, unfair to the human race, because the human race cannot afford to have good material spoiled, good material which might contribute to its eventual security.

These are responsibilities that lie firmly on parents. Nobody else can take their place. Later on teachers can help, but

a teacher may spend all his time and effort in only trying to repair some of the damage done by parents without doing any really constructive thing, just repairing damage. If that is necessary—and it may take years to repair the damage if it can ever be done at all—much time is wasted, and the child will probably not be able to develop to anywhere near the degree of maturity that he should have been able to reach if his parents hadn't crippled him when he was very young.

Most of our children are exposed to lies regularly. Parents generally have two entirely separate standards of truth—one for children and one for everybody else. Of course there are parents who simply lie to everybody, but even for those who consider themselves "honest," lying to children seems to be entirely outside the moral code.

Please do not suppose that when I say that we should always tell the truth to children, I mean to suggest that the fairy tale should be rooted out. The fairy tale, the myth, the Santa Claus, all these things are charming and even valuable—as myths. What I do mean is that every child should be told, before he has a fairy story read or narrated to him, that it isn't true, so that he knows it isn't true. If he doesn't know that, the parent



THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

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not helping him to get in touch with reality.

When a child is very small, fantasy and reality are not distinct. One of the major problems that a child has to solve during his development is how to sort out fantasy and reality, so that he knows when he is dealing in real things and when he is dealing with fantasy. This is an extremely important achievement—the ability to know with certainty what is fantasy and what is reality. It forms the basis for a sound imagination—a most desirable quality, but if the lines are not clearly drawn, if the parents do not help the child to distinguish between fantasy and reality, the child may, as many people do, go on through his life without ever clearly grasping what the difference is. He will grow up without thinking in terms of cause and effect: "Who knows? A fairy may come along and fix everything up so that I need not suffer the uncomfortable results of what I did." It is easy to see that such thinking is conducive to irresponsible behavior later on.

But let us not do away with fairies and Santa Claus. Let us play them as games. Children are capable of imagining harmlessly as long as they know they are imagining. They can imagine little playmates of all kinds; they can imagine all sorts of animals, all kinds of people without any damage whatever as long as that fantasy isn't supported seriously by grownups.

We know more now than we used to about the kinds of things that handicap children's development, and we know what the needs of children are. If a small child is given sufficient food and sufficient shelter, sufficient water or moisture to stay alive, the next requirement is love; close, warm, physical-contact love.

In this area, in our wonderfully advanced North America, we, oddly enough, are behind certain other cultures when it comes to loving our babies. We have acquired some rather dreadful habits—all in the name of Hygiene.

I am reminded of the time, some years ago, when I was in Pakistan, and was being guided through a very large general hospital. We passed the screened door to a ward. Suddenly, someone pointed out to me, with great enthusiasm, something away off on the horizon in the opposite direction. There was something nearby they didn't want me to see. Therefore I was quite sure that whatever was hidden behind this screened door I should see.

I insisted, at some risk of offense, on seeing this ward, and when I insisted, my guides began apologizing, saying that I wouldn't really like to see it at all. It was of a very old pattern; they were ashamed of it; they hoped to get it changed; they hoped that the World Health Organization might help them get the money to adopt modern and new patterns for this particular ward, because it was very bad indeed. It was a pattern hundreds of years old.

However, I still insisted that even as an antiquity I would like to see it. I went in to see this ward, with the reluctant accompaniment of the train of people with me, and I saw the best maternity ward I have ever seen in any country, far better than any I have ever seen in North America. Here was a big maternity ward with beds down both sides. The foot posts of each bed were extended up about three feet or so, and slung between the foot posts was a cradle. The baby was in the cradle, and I noticed as I looked down the ward that one squeak out of the baby and up would come the mother's foot, and with her toe she would rock the

cradle. On the second squeak, which showed that the baby was really awake, she would reach into the cradle and take the baby into her arms, where a baby is supposed to be most of the time.

They wanted to get rid of that perfectly beautiful arrangement, to put their babies under glass the way we do, and to keep them in inspection wards where they can be seen at a distance by their loving fathers whenever they visit, and taken to their mother if she is good and does as the nurse tells her! They wanted to do all that because we

Westerners had given them the impression that all our methods are superior to theirs.

Those babies, if they develop an infection, recover from it twice as fast as ours do. These people are not producing little neurotic babies of one month old the way we are. Their babies do not feel themselves out in the cold world, do not feel that nobody loves them from the moment they are born, as many of ours do. Mothers in that part of the world regard as perfectly savage some of the customs they have

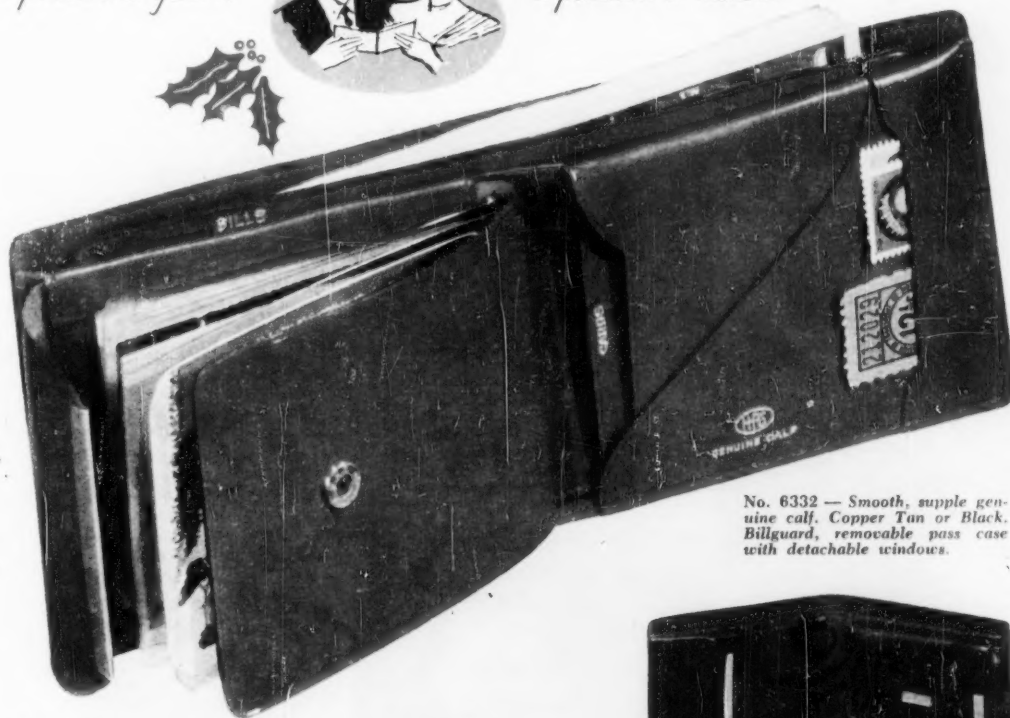
heard about in North America where mothers actually take their babies to hospitals, leave them there, and go home. No mother in Southeast Asia would do such a thing. She would fight everybody in the hospital before she would leave her baby there and go home without it. And she is right, demonstrably right.

I am not suggesting that we copy all the patterns of these other countries. We need to be discriminating about other people's customs as well as our own, but we can learn a great deal about



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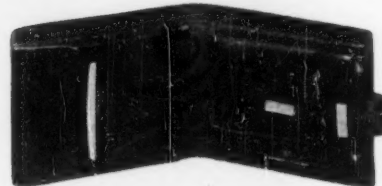
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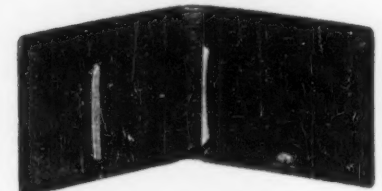


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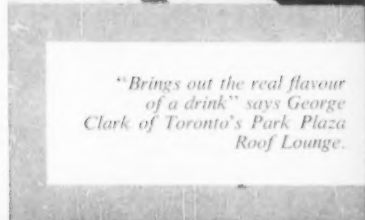


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human relations, about the up-bringing of children, from these people. Whenever we become humble enough to learn with discrimination from others' experiments in living, we will begin to progress more steadily than we are now. Unfortunately we tend to regard our own living patterns as fixed and of universal value and so we naturally think everyone should copy us. This is just not true.

Let us realize and accept the fact that we are ignorant about a great many things. A few hundred years ago, in the Middle Ages, all things were known; everything was in the book—certainly in Christian countries—and it was regarded as heretical to question anything that was known. Any attempt to advance knowledge was regarded as an attack on the orthodoxies of the time. That has been true in many parts of the world at many times, because orthodoxies have set up beliefs appropriate to

one stage of development, but then they are frozen and not allowed to develop further, not allowed to grow with the advancing stage of knowledge.

Orthodoxies or dogmas expressed in the attitudes acceptable to our remote ancestors may or may not be acceptable to us now. And we should be the judges of what we will or will not accept, because we do know more now than our ancestors ever knew before. Some such dogmas may continue to be valid, in that they are still reasonable in relation to the knowledge that we continue to gain all the time; some of them may be found to be valid from a scientific point of view. But if we find that some of the attitudes of our ancestors do not fit our world as it is today, we should surely do our ancestors the honor of believing that if they were here now they would have the sense to change their minds, and would no longer see things the same way they did many years ago. ★



We found our new world in the Arctic

Continued from page 24

Rugged mountains separated us from our closest neighbor. Would winter isolate us completely?

"Do you have as much courage as you say you do? No electric lights, no running water or movies," Peter continued. "Instead, plenty of hard work and many hardships. Do you think you can take it?"

"No better time than now to find out," I replied.

We made preparations and bought outdoor clothes, a rifle and fishing tackle. Our friends shook their heads. "We wouldn't go even if we were paid for it," they said. "You're giving up good jobs and security. What for?"

"To fulfill a dream," we told them.

At the beginning of May 1955, we loaded our equipment into the car and drove to Fairbanks. With our visitors' visas we were admitted into Alaska for six months. On the first of June a DC3 airliner took us from Fairbanks two hundred miles due north. We had hardly touched down in Bettles, about forty-five miles north of the Arctic Circle, when we saw Helmericks' Cessna 170, the Arctic Tern, land smoothly on the Koyukuk River.

Bud walked toward us with the long stride of the north. With a broad grin on his boyish face he greeted us. "Welcome to Alaska."

Half an hour later Peter and I were peering down from the air at the Land of Little Trees, as the Indians call this part of the Brooks Range, and I was thinking, "Here's the country I have longed to see. I should be extremely happy and excited now." But somehow when Bud pointed out our future home, Walker Lake, I felt we had hardly left civilization.

As we landed, Martha and Jimmy came running out of a log cabin.

"Is that your standard footgear?" was the first question I asked, pointing at the hip-length wading boots she wore. "Yes, they're most practical," Martha replied. "You see, I catch my meals fresh from the lake every day." She led us into a cabin that had no floor or furniture yet, but in one corner stood a shiny new wood-and-coal stove. Martha pointed

proudly to it and explained, "It came by mail order from Seattle to Hughes, a hundred miles south. Bud flies there about once a month and brings all our supplies and mail. Even our two boats came in the Arctic Tern."

Only then I realized how far removed from civilization we really were. A hundred miles of rugged mountains lay between us and our closest neighbor. Just one hour by air, but to get out by any other means would require the hardest kind of travel by canoe and portage. In the winter it might not be possible to get out at all, I thought.

That night Peter and I pitched our ten-by-twelve-foot tent under a group of birch trees. When we were ready to turn in it was still light—we were in the land of the midnight sun. I looked around me. The crystal lake, surrounded by snow-capped mountains about six thousand feet high, was one of the most magnificent spots I had ever seen.

But this was no holiday. To me it seemed we hardly did anything else the first month but fell spruce trees, peel off their bark and drag them out of dense underbrush to the building site. We were constructing a log cabin with two rooms, one for Bud's future hunting guests and one for storage of equipment. We also helped Bud finish his own two-room cabin.

This work was new to us, as were the head nets we had to wear to protect ourselves against clouds of bloodthirsty mosquitoes. Bud showed us how to notch the logs and fit them into each other, and how to chink the cracks with moss.

"I hope you can handle it from now on," he said one day in July. "Martha, Jimmy and I are going to spend the next two months on the Colville Delta, fishing."

But the night before the Helmericks left an important decision was made. "Why don't you stay and live in the guest cabin this winter?" they suggested. "We'll be spending part of the winter in our own cabin here. We should have a wonderful time together."

A winter in the Arctic! Peter and I agreed enthusiastically.

Left alone on Walker Lake, Peter and I felt like real pioneers. In that northern solitude, with no means of signaling for help if we needed it, one slip of the axe or one bad fall could have been fatal, but we discovered that our natural response to isolation was the use of common everyday caution.

We must have made an odd pair of pioneers, Peter, six feet tall and muscular, soon became proficient in notching logs and building the walls of our cabin. But I, five feet tall and a puny ninety-six pounds, showed no remarkable skill with axe and saw. I gathered moss for insulation and drilled pegholes, but some of the holes were so cockeyed they came out at the side. "When the cabin is finished," I resolved, "I will not touch another log." How wrong I was!

If I was not much help in cabin building, at least I became a good wilderness cook. Luckily I never faced the question, "What shall I cook today?" Our standard diet during the summer was fish—trout and arctic grayling were plentiful—supplemented with home-baked bread, cornmeal, sugar, powdered milk and tea. Things like eggs and fresh vegetables were unobtainable. Not that we missed them; the diet of fish three times a day seemed to make us stronger and healthier than ever.

The Helmericks returned from their expedition at the end of August. They had news. "Our scintillation counter clicked decidedly when we flew over a spot about seventy-five miles from here. It's high in the mountains."

Uranium! In our moneyless state Peter and I were quite determined to follow up the signals. We flew to a small unnamed lake, the closest to our goal we could find. Bud arranged to return to pick us up ten days later, and took off again.

As Peter and I shouldered our heavy packs we said little. Later we confessed to each other the thought of being utterly alone in unmapped country had bothered us both. All we knew about our route was what we had seen from the air, and winter was just around the corner.

Our objective was a bowl-shaped valley, and to reach it we covered forty miles of rugged terrain. And all this walking was done in hip-length wading boots! Peter was right when he said, "Surely a more uncomfortable foot-gear has never been invented."

We came home to Walker Lake without having found uranium or any other mineral. But we had found something almost as valuable to us, confidence. After this trip we felt we could handle any situation that might arise.

This confidence was put to the test on a windy October day, just before freeze-up. We were hauling firewood in two canoes. Peter and I sat in one while we towed the other and—typical of our inexperience—the wood load was poorly distributed. Suddenly a stiff breeze sent water splashing over the gunwales. Within two minutes the canoe in tow capsized. I grabbed my pocketknife and cut the towline. We kept shipping water as we crept on toward shore, slowly, so very slowly. But we made it. Then Peter remarked in his casual manner, "Do you know that human beings can survive only a few minutes in water that cold?" I shuddered.

During the first week of October, while the water was still open, the Helmericks had to fly their floatplane out again.

"We'll be looking after our fishing business for the next three months," they

told us. "But you'll be okay. You can expect us back around Christmas."

On our own again, we lived without feeling the pressure of civilization's deadlines. Clothes had to be made or mended, caribou shot and skinned, water hauled, firewood cut and split. Yes, there I was back again at the other end of Peter's saw, felling trees and sawing them into stove-size pieces.

On October 23 winter came. Quickly, quietly and peacefully. That afternoon the lake froze over in a few hours. Almost immediately it grew colder, first ten below, then twenty and thirty. We were glad to have a cabin rather than tent walls around us. We huddled near the drum heater we had made from an old oil barrel. Our tent stove was mounted on top of the heater for cooking. Our sleeping bags were spread on the floor. Bunk-bed, table and bench were not made yet and our door was still a small piece of canvas. The window panes—flooded in from Hughes—were covered with heavy frost. I've had better homes, but of this one I was very proud. I had helped build it. At last I was an Arctic housewife.

Meal planning was again no trouble at all. Hunting season had opened in September and now we had meat instead of fish. For dessert we had blueberries and cranberries I had picked in the fall, put up in old butterkegs and frozen in the biggest deep-freeze any housewife could want—the whole outdoors.

"Your turn" meant jump

Hunting caribou was a necessity, not only for the meat but also for their skins. Peter shot our own parkas on the hoof. He is no man to kill for the sake of killing, but when you must eat and clothe yourself killing assumes a different aspect.

It was after the shooting and skinning that I came into my own. Now my small size did not matter. I was quite strong enough to push a needle, loaded with sinew, around the rough contours of caribou fur boots, and I was also quite strong enough to soften the hides in true Eskimo fashion. Peter made a scraper for me from an old shotgun barrel and I worked the hides soft and pliable, and made parkas and fur boots by following the instructions and drawings in the book *Oolak's Brother* by Bud Helmericks.

While the temperature dropped steadily until, one night, it reached a minimum of seventy below, I turned out fur clothes, snug and warm. I also made two winter sleeping bags entirely from caribou hides.

People always ask, "How could you stand it? How could you cut wood and hunt in such bitter cold?"

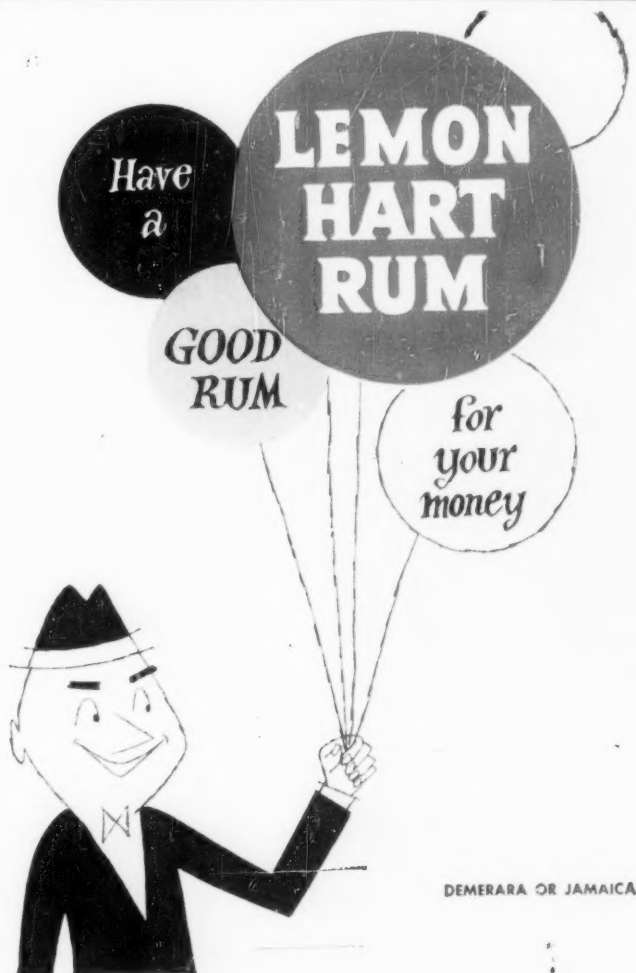
Inside our cabin it was always warm enough; we often opened the door to cool off and the outside air streamed in like dense fog. The drum heater threw too much heat for us to sleep comfortably, and we let the fire go out at night. Then the temperature inside the cabin would drop to about zero.

Getting up in the morning to start the fire was real sport. Peter and I took turns. "Your turn" meant: jump out of the warm bag, slide into socks and parka, light the gasoline pressure lantern, shove pre-cut kindling into the stove, pile wood on top, hold a match to it and hope for the best.

Peter's first trip each morning was down to the lake where he chopped the ice out of the waterhole and filled two old gasoline cans with water. He hated the days when I decided to wash clothes, because it meant hauling lots of water. But so did I. Not that I minded the



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than my
husband
to my
mother-in-law



Really, she introduced me to Canadian "74" Port. When she called on us the first time, I was in a panic not to make a faux pas. She's easily offended. I came right out and asked Bob what drink I could serve she'd appreciate. The answer was "74" Port.

We'd never be without it now. Most of our friends like it as much as we do. And it does things for a snack of cheese and crackers you'll just have to taste to believe.

Bright's Wines
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scrub-board, but the washing never seemed to get really clean. I suspect this also applied to us whenever we took a bath in the washtub.

By the beginning of December the sun slipped from our days and we were so busy we did not even notice the date. There was always enough twilight, reflected from brilliantly clear skies, and even moonlight—in the day time—to do the chores by.

One reason for being so busy was our dogs.

The Alaskan game law forbids the feeding of game animals to dogs. We were now faced with learning how to set fish nets under the ice to catch dogfood.

When we tried to set our first net we broke the handles of both ice chisels and Peter worked all evening to make new ones. The second attempt was not much better. We had only just chopped a row of eight holes, about six feet apart in the two-foot-thick ice, when we saw a herd of caribou. We got the rifle and went after them. Coming back several hours later we found all our holes frozen solid.

Next day we started again. When all eight holes were open, we tied a long line to a pole. Peter bared his right arm—it was about thirty-five below—shoved the pole through the hole at one end, guided it to the next hole, and pulled it through for a moment. Then he shoved it on from hole to hole until we could pull it out at the last one. Peter did this only once. After that he smartened up and used two sticks with hooks on the end rather than his arm to reach into the water.

Once the line was under the ice, it was easy to attach the weighted fifty-foot gillnet and pull it under.

In December we ran out of all "civilized" food, such as flour and sugar, but fared well on meat and berries. It was not too much of a hardship—we had good appetites and liked caribou meat. But then we ran out of fuel for our pressure lamp, and that was bad.

I said to Peter, "At least now I don't have to clean house. Can't see the dirt anyway." We had a box of candles to tide us over, but by their light it was difficult to go after our evening occupations of sewing fur clothes, mending snowshoes or typing letters and radio scripts.

Just a few days before Christmas the Arctic Tern, now outfitted with ski landing gear, landed in front of the two cabins. The Helmericks brought staple foods, fuel, parcels and mail—for us the first in three months.

"D'you think we're missing anything?" Peter asked me.

"Do you?" We were both thinking the same thing. We weren't missing the outside world any more than it missed us.

Making Christmas preparations was just as much fun as anywhere else. Martha and I baked cakes from flour, moose tallow, and raisins that came from the trading post for seventy-five cents a pound. The men were busy setting traps, splitting wood, hauling water and picking the fish net. Jimmy brought two small trees from the hill and decorated them with wolf hair and aluminum foil.

And then came Christmas morning. I stepped outside and saw the sky brighten to a pale blue. The mountains around us stood in white, lonesome splendor. There was no sound, except the hissing of my own breath. It crystallized as soon as it left my mouth. It was fifty-eight below zero.

This was the Christmas Peter and I had always longed for, so different from the noisy ones in the city. There was no electric light, no running water, no

turkey, no whisky, not even a radio—but there was a real Christmas spirit. We had everything we needed; health and strength and eyes to observe the tremendous beauty around us. We had so much to be thankful for.

As we sat down for our dinner of caribou roast, cranberries and freshly baked bread, we heard a howl in the hills. The wolves were singing. Our dogs outside the cabin raised their furred muzzles and answered the wolves with a savage howl.

We had four huskies now. Bud had brought Duke and Prince from Hughes. They looked very undernourished and their heads and wolf-like teeth appeared unnaturally big. Those two lost no time in showing us they had too much wolf-blood to qualify as pets. They began biting each other as soon as they were hitched to the sled.

At the beginning I disgusted and disappointed myself by being frankly afraid of them. "Show them this," Peter said coolly, handing me a length of chain. "Somebody's got to be boss. It had better be you." To tell the truth I was afraid to beat the fighting dogs for fear they would tear me apart. But it was a case of learn to drive dogs or else go back to cutting wood.

So I became a dogsled driver and nothing equalled the sheer delight of this when I had once learned how. I would hitch the dogs in their home-made harnesses and drive the home-made sled up the hill where the firewood was stacked. There I would tie the logs securely to the sled and give the dogs the sign to pull.

It was all downhill with no chance for me to stop the dogs, but I always tried my best to steer the sled around trees and bushes by hanging over to one side or the other like a crewman on a sailing boat. Often the sled overshot the snowshoe trail regardless of my efforts, and I was left digging it and myself out of waist-deep snow, unloading every piece of wood, and bringing it back to the trail. If I did not tie them, the dogs would take off for home with the empty sled, me after them! It sure kept me in trim.

"What made me come here?"

I also drove the dogsled on hunting or trapping trips. Peter would take the trail through the woods to service the traps, while I brought the sled, loaded with our sleeping bags and food, over the easiest route to our overnight camp. It required constant vigilance, not only because of the dogs' liveliness but also because of that unpredictable menace, overflow from the lake. Once I drove the sled for twenty-five miles over Walker Lake toward the overnight camp without mishap, but only a hundred yards from shore I ran into deep slush. The ice had cracked and water had seeped through and remained unfrozen beneath the blanket of snow. Immediately, the sled runners clogged with freezing slush and my snowshoes became like lead weights.

I pushed and pulled the sled and finally took part of the load on my back, but it took more than an hour to travel the hundred yards to shore. At the end I was so weary and desperate I kept asking myself, "What made me come here? I wish I was back in town." Later, when I sat on a caribou skin in the little tent and warmed my hands on the tiny sheet-iron stove, my miseries were forgotten again. I chewed a piece of dried caribou meat and it suddenly occurred to me that back in the city I would not have been satisfied with so little. But here I was.

With only meat to eat and only a tent between me and the Arctic cold, I was happy. Life north of the Arctic Circle is in some way a curiously carefree one.

Once a big, grey timberwolf ran afoul of one of our traps. He was only caught by a single claw, but I had been walking the trapline with Peter and would not miss the chance to take pictures. While I set up the camera the wolf lay down, but his sparkling green eyes flashed at us in hatred and fear. Then, just as Peter looked away for a second, the big animal leaped high into the air. He was free! Before we recovered from the magnificent spectacle the wolf was hundreds of yards away. Peter fired offhand and missed, then ran after him on his snowshoes, but never got within shooting distance again.

We had let our first wolf get away. There were other experiences I won't forget: the sight of the migrating caribou as they walked slowly down our valley; the proud and awe-inspiring call of wolves who hunted them; the spectacle of the northern lights; the sight of the

returning sun and how it made me feel warm and unspeakably happy.

Once the sun was back, time seemed to pass even faster. By March we dared not go outside without wearing dark glasses and sometimes I ran behind the dogsled in shirtsleeves, although it was still below zero in the shade. It was a wonderful time of the year. But our visas would expire in May, and besides, it was time for us to earn a living again.

We began to prepare ourselves for leaving the Arctic.

"A fresh salad will taste delicious," I said.

Peter nodded. "D'you know, as soon as I get a job I'm going to learn to fly. It might be useful — sometime — 'rinstance up north—when we come back again." I looked at him and I knew he meant it and my heart lightened.

We are planning to go back to see more of the land that, to my mind, has been given its rightful name by the famous Arctic explorer, Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson. He called it The Friendly Arctic. ★



London Letter continued from page 10

Will pay for peers be a problem for parliament?

derry—had something to do with hastening these new reforms. If these young men had been plain and obscure "misters," no one would have paid any attention to their bleatings. As it is they are world-famous and still of news value.

Nevertheless, the necessity for a change was not brought about by public irritation or any rush of democracy to the head. Basically, the Englishman, the Welshman and even the Scot likes the existence of great country houses set in vast estates but successive chancellors of the exchequer have, by raising death dues, forced the old families to sell more and more of their land. And with the problem of domestic servants many of the landed aristocracy can only afford to occupy one wing of their house and grub along as best they can.

But there were other disadvantages in the hereditary system. In Britain the natural instinct of a young man of good family is to fight his way into parliament. Yet if he is the heir to a peerage his political future is limited. The classic example is Lord Hailsham, the lively chairman of the Conservative Party. He has a brilliantly audacious mind and certainly enlivened our debates in the Commons, but he had to face the fact that his father, the former Sir Douglas Hogg, had been raised to the peerage. This meant a political death sentence to his son Quintin who, on his father's death, would no longer be eligible to sit in the Commons and therefore could never hope to hold high office. The Commons, being the elected assembly and therefore the masters, would never consent to a minister of vital importance sitting in the Upper Chamber where he would be out of their reach. When his father died Quintin appealed officially to be relieved of his title but was turned down.

Under Macmillan's new plan the Upper Chamber will be greatly strengthened by senior members of the House of Commons, who will be created peers of parliament, a most honorable degree and all the better because the title will not

be hereditary. Nor is this process to be confined to one sex. Macmillan will have the power to create peeresses if he thinks that they have deserved the honor and if they will bring special qualifications to the Upper House.

There is, however, one obvious difficulty that the prime minister will have to consider. If non-hereditary peers of parliament give a lot of their time to the Upper Chamber they will have to be paid reasonable remuneration. But does that mean that what are known as the backwoods peers will also be paid even though they seldom turn up? This is a difficult problem but obviously Macmillan intends to create lords of parliament, drawn from the industrial and professional classes as well as from the Commons. Undoubtedly the intention of the prime minister is, first, to create a vital Upper Chamber, and gradually find the best way of making it work.

Usually when constitutional changes take place there is a particular case that makes it inevitable that the existing system has to be revised. Such a case was that of Clem Attlee, the former leader of the Labor Party. I have mentioned this example before but now we must look at it again in the knowledge that it has undoubtedly played a part in causing these reforms to be brought about.

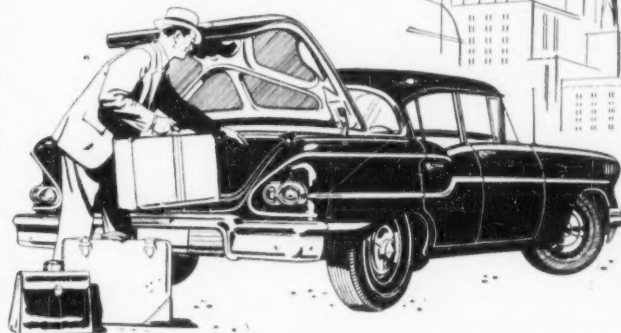
Attlee, as a socialist, represented the tough East London constituency of Limehouse, and although belonging to the comfortable middle classes he never halted in his fight to raise the status of the underprivileged. Yet when he gave up parliament he accepted an earldom (which was his right by long-established custom) and thereby created no less than five other "courtesy" titles.

Thus his wife became a countess, his three daughters who were married became Lady Gertrude Smith, Lady Helen Brown and Lady Mary Green (for whatever their married names happen to be) and Attlee's son and heir became a courtesy viscount. Lord Attlee's defense would be that he had no part in creat-

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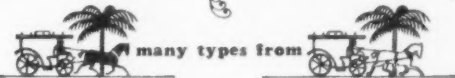
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ing the system of hereditary titles and that he wanted to sit in the Upper House with the title of earl, which is automatically conferred upon a retiring prime minister if he will accept it.

Oddly enough, Ramsay MacDonald, who was not only the first socialist to become British prime minister but possessed more than his share of vanity, refused to accept any title at all when he resigned from parliament. When I asked him why he had come to that decision, he answered in his rich Scottish voice, "For years and years my fishermen in Lissiemouth (his constituency) have called me 'Jamie.' Do you think I'm going to see them touch their caps and address me as 'mildred'?"

I am well aware that many readers will feel that the whole question of titles has become an anachronism based on nothing but privilege and snobbery. If that point of view is sincerely held then we should not only abolish titles but also the monarchy, which is based upon

the non-democratic institution of birth. Thus the way would be cleared for the aristocracy of wealth no matter how it was accumulated.

As a result of Macmillan's proposals we may indeed be seeing the beginning of the end of creating hereditary titles except within the royal circle. That is a revolution in itself, but a revolution that will not only be bloodless but will be supported by public opinion.

These proposed changes of Harold Macmillan's will not take place in a day. There will be attempts to water down the plan and to delay it in the expectation that the socialists will win the next election. Thus the backwood peers will be looking hopefully to the Laborites coming to power and thus saving the aristocracy from being overrun by ordinary fellows who have made their own way and have no forbears of any social consequences whatsoever.

Yet I believe that the socialists will welcome the change. There is a basic

dignity in the plan that will create lords of parliament and, paradoxically, the title will acquire an added dignity from the fact that it is non-hereditary and carries no succession. Undoubtedly the wits will say that the new life peers will be like the mule, which has no pride of ancestry nor hope of future, but the fact remains that the honor of being a lord of parliament will add a new dignity to the Upper Chamber.

But if, as it seems, we are seeing the twilight of the old aristocracy, let it not be imagined that its gradual disappearance will produce nothing but good. In the 1914 war, long before conscription was enforced, the sons of the great old country houses did not wait for conscription but went at once into the hell of war. And long before the National Health Scheme and old-age pensions came into being, the squire and his lady looked after their tenants as if they were members of the family—at any rate up to a point. Today the great country

houses have almost disappeared, except where the owners charge a half-crown admission at week ends when the lord of the manor conducts parties round the houses and grounds.

Macmillan, by his plan of parliamentary reform, will strengthen the dignity of the Upper Chamber by bringing it into line with reality. The lord chancellor will still wear his robes as he sits on the woolsack, and we shall continue to hear the familiar words in debate, "The noble lord who has just sat down has given your lordships a peculiarly distorted interpretation of the bill which has come to us from another place." And once a year the Queen, as a peeress, will open parliament in the Upper House, because under no possible conditions would she be allowed to set foot in the House of Commons.

Thus will the British bring about the reform of the Upper Chamber while maintaining the procedure and the trappings of ancient times. ★

A wonderland of children's books [See pages 13-17]

How Edgar Osborne collected his priceless treasures

Shortly after the First World War, Edgar Osborne, a young English librarian, visited his childhood home in Hampshire. He didn't get home very often and on this particular trip was rooting about in the lumber room when he came upon a bundle of battered old books. They were his own boyhood books, and he was soon happily surrounded by them, remembering rainy afternoons when he'd relieved a beleaguered fort with Henty, or was a cat walking by himself in places that were alike to him, with Kipling.

He got such a kick out of the books, in fact, that he carted them back to his own home in Derbyshire, to show to his wife Mabel. She was as excited as he and soon added to them her own nursery books.

This chance encounter with his childhood started Osborne on his lifetime hunt for children's books. It was another chance encounter that led him to give the books to Canada.

The Osbornes attended a meeting of the American Library Association in Montreal in 1934. When the formal sessions ended the visiting English librarians toured several Canadian libraries, and in Toronto the Osbornes met Miss Lillian Smith, then head of the Boys and

Girls Division of the Toronto Public Libraries.

Miss Smith, who retired in 1951, was the first children's librarian in Toronto. While she did her work in a less frenetic age that didn't offer the living-room magic of Disneyland or such heady movie fare as *I Was A Teenage Werewolf*, Miss Smith's basic principles for running a children's library are still packing them in. The principles are simple: get the kids young, expose them to the best books that can be found, and let nature take its course.

The Osbornes were impressed by Miss Smith, and by the spirit she injected into her library (and her librarians). It was Mrs. Osborne who later suggested that Toronto might be an excellent place to house the collection. After his wife's death in 1946, and in her memory, Osborne offered the books to Toronto. They arrived in 1949.

Since then Edgar Osborne has had to do quite a bit of explaining in England as to why he let the books out of the country. While no one has ever tried to rank the known collections of English children's books, Osborne's is one of the best. He gave it to the Toronto library because he thought Canada could, and would, make good use of such a collection, because he wanted it preserved as a unit, and because of Miss Smith. But some of the books, such as the manuscript copy of *The Three Bears*, the earliest known written version of this story, are unique, and quite a fuss was made about their being taken away from Great Britain.

And how does a county librarian, who is not a wealthy man, come to have treasures such as the manuscript *Three Bears* in his collection? As anyone who has ever collected books will know, there's nothing to it. Collecting books, like gambling, chasing women and playing the horses, is a form of madness, and the true collector is like a prospector who thinks he's about to strike the mother lode. A bookstall is never passed, a library never ignored.

Osborne added to this kind of insanity some advantages of position and timing. As county librarian for Derbyshire until his retirement in 1954 he found himself being invited to examine the libraries in old country mansions



Collector Osborne browses among his eighteen hundred books, now housed in Toronto.

where both the masonry and the finances had begun to crumble, and picked up some books this way. He began collecting long before children's books became fashionable—and expensive.

The Osbornes were selective in their collection from the very beginning. They didn't want to line their shelves with "classics," or to amass all the children's books ever published, but to gather "a representative library of bygone days." To be included, a title had to be one that had been read and re-read by successive generations of children. The resulting collection illustrates most stages in the development of English children's books, from a Catechism for children printed in 1590 down to Beatrix Potter's *Peter Rabbit*, first published in 1901.

Osborne looked for books wherever they were likely to be found, and often where they weren't. He dug the earliest English book in the collection from the dust and debris in a room behind a room behind a chapel that hadn't been disturbed for a century. This book, a rare copy of "A Catechisme or Christian Doctrine necessarie for Children and Ignorant People," is dated 1590. Written by a "Bachelor of Divinitie," Laurence Vaux, it was printed in Holland and smuggled into England because it was a manual of Catholic instruction, a type of book about as popular among officials in sixteenth-century England as horror comics are among parliamentarians in Ottawa today.

Vaux's book is neither the oldest in the collection nor the first real children's book. The oldest is a 1566 copy of Aesop's Fables, chiefly interesting today for the woodcuts that illustrate it. These were done about 1475 and were probably enjoyed by children even though they

couldn't read the Latin text. Not until 1671 was the first real children's book published, James Janeway's "A Token for Children, being an exact account of the conversion, holy and exemplary lives and joyful deaths of several young children," is a harsh, morbid Puritan tract that was meant to amuse and entertain children—but in a Puritan way.

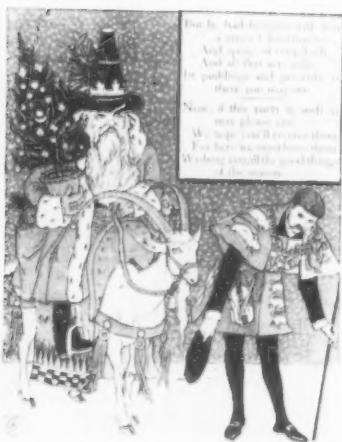
One element in any form of collecting is sheer luck. Osborne had his share. The manuscript copy of *The Three Bears* was part of a small lot of books he got from a bookseller for a modest sum. It's unique—and priceless. During the Second World War he and his library staff undertook to screen all books that were offered for salvage in Derbyshire to make sure no rare or historically valuable volumes were destroyed. The many books they saved from the pulp machines were deposited in libraries and institutions all over Great Britain, but Osborne took the opportunity and picked out any children's books he saw to add to his collection.

Some books were given to him. The family of Nancy Mitford, the English writer, contributed books found when their old country house was torn down. Louis Shore Nightingale, Florence Nightingale's cousin, found a bundle of books in Florence's Derbyshire home, Lea Hurst, and gave them to Osborne. Many contain her childhood autograph.

Osborne gave the collection on condition the Toronto library preserve it, make it available to students and other interested persons (though it's not a lending collection and isn't used by children at all), appoint a full-time librarian to take care of it, add books when possible and publish a catalogue.

The conditions have all been fulfilled.

Once upon a Christmas



A page of King Luckieboy's Party, 1895.

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As far as adding books is concerned, this has been going on at such a pace the librarians can't keep up with it, and the eighteen hundred volumes in the original gift have already grown to almost three thousand. The library is buying books; Osborne continues to send items from England, though he is now paid for anything he finds; and there have been gifts from Canadians. One elderly Toronto man recently filled several gaps in the Henty section when he donated more than a hundred Henty books.

The biggest job to date has been the catalogue, which is due to be published in a fat five-hundred-page volume next summer. This giant detective job has fallen mainly on the shoulders of Miss Judith St. John who was appointed librarian in charge of the collection in 1953.

Miss St. John is a quiet sleuth, with a concealed sense of humor and firm opinions. She was a little bewildered when she first walked into the collection, for it was in no order that a librarian would consider proper. And while she's rapidly becoming one, Miss St. John was at first no specialist. She started by reading all the books about children's books—a highly specialized field. Then she tackled the collection itself, learning what books were there and arranging them so they could be found. Finally, a couple of years ago, she felt ready to begin the actual cataloguing, a task full of snares, surprises and the occasional triumph.

Cataloguing requires patience — and good memory. For example, Miss St. John found in the collection a copy of a book titled *The Keepsake Guineas*, by a woman named Susanna Strickland, who is better known as the Susanna Moodie who later came to Canada and wrote the classic *Roughing It In The Bush*. Writing children's books was not the most respectable occupation in the early nineteenth century and many such works were published anonymously. This was apparently true of some of Mrs. Moodie's work, for Miss St. John later came on another copy of *The Keepsake Guineas*, anonymous this time, but with the byline, "By the author of . . ." and then a list of several other titles. In this way she was able to identify Mrs. Moodie as the author of three other books in the collection that had previously been anonymous.

More complicated, and more fun, are problems such as the confused question of whether or not Sarah Catherine Martin invented the story of *Old Mother Hubbard*.

Old Mother Hubbard, one of the nursery's favorite rhymes, was first published in 1805 in a version that had been written down the previous year by Miss Sarah Martin, an English writer. While she apparently never actually claimed to have created the tale her book is the first written version known and it has been widely assumed she did make it up. But some scholars, such as Iona and Peter Opie (who take two whole pages of very small type to discuss the problem in their delightful and authoritative *Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*) have pointed out difficulties in accepting Sarah Martin as the originator of the story. There is, for example, a distressingly similar verse called *Old Dame Trot* and her *Comical Cat* that was published two years before *Mother Hubbard*. And the name—if not the story—keeps popping up in literature. Spenser published a satire called *Mother Hubbard's Tale* in 1590.

Miss St. John and her colleagues will settle this particular question—as much as such a question can be settled—when

they publish the Osborne Collection catalogue next summer. Miss St. John has unearthed an enthusiastic contemporary book review of the first edition of *Old Mother Hubbard* that was written by a remarkable woman named Mrs. Sarah Kirby Trimmer. Mrs. Trimmer was a leader of the Sunday school movement, a noted educationalist and herself an author, who regularly "examined" children's books in a periodical she edited called *The Guardian of Education*, and is often remembered today as a violent critic of fairy tales and nursery rhymes. But in her review of Sarah Martin's book she wrote that "the poetry of the tale is of an ancient date . . . We can recollect at this distance of time that in our infant days (Mrs. Trimmer was born in 1748) the story of this renowned woman . . . afforded us much entertainment."

In other words, Sarah Catherine Martin didn't make the story up at all, but simply wrote down a tale that had been carried through an unknown number of generations by word of mouth.

While the Osborne Collection can help to solve scholarly problems like this it will have many other uses. Artists can trace in its volumes the development of art for children. Publishers can use it to see how their predecessors first stumbled onto the gold mine of children's books and began that fine exploitation of parents they have continued ever since. A lot of social history is buried in children's books, some of it obvious, some of it not. Few persons leaving through the gaily hand-colored books of the early nineteenth century are aware, for example, that most of the coloring was done by child labor. Children got about fourpence a day for their work and larger families were organized in an assembly-line system, each child handling one color. It was undoubtedly preferable to working in a mine.

Among the things Edgar Osborne hoped to discover by gathering children's books were the qualities that make them last.

"In general," Miss St. John says, "children seem to have excellent taste. The books they keep on reading are pretty good ones." And as Miss Jean Thomson, Miss Lillian Smith's successor as head of the children's division of the library, points out, "a classic is something that says something new to each generation." Osborne himself put it a little differently a couple of years ago: "All healthy children," he wrote, "run and like running. They not only run with their legs, they run with their minds also; and therefore the best books for children—those they like best—are those that allow their minds to go at a gallop."

And perhaps, if their minds do go at a gallop, they'll live happily ever after. ★





Olive Diefenbaker's not-so-private life

Continued from page 18

"How did you win this election?" asked Philip

says Mrs. Pearkes, the defense minister's wife, who took the trip with her.

Mrs. D. was a popular guest in London's fashionable mansions but her triumph was not entirely effortless. Leaving Ottawa, the temperature had been a hundred. At Gander Airport in Newfoundland it was forty, and Mrs. D. developed laryngitis. Crossing the Atlantic the plane dropped five hundred feet. Mrs. D. hit the ceiling twice, crushing two vertebrae. Once in London and feeling far from her best, she found herself sitting next to Prince Philip at a dinner given by the Queen. For perhaps thirty seconds they talked haltingly. Then Philip leaned forward. "Tell me," he said, "how did you win this election?" From then on the conversation was spirited.

At a luncheon Mrs. D. met Lady Churchill who said, "Winston's dying to meet your husband. When he heard about the election he was so excited he danced." Next day they lunched with the Churchills in Hyde Park Gate.

Mrs. D. recalls that Churchill, though feeble, sparkled with wit. When his guests refused the added stimulation of a rare Napoleon brandy, Churchill said to Diefenbaker, "I hear you're a teetotaler."

"That's not quite so," Mrs. D. intervened. "He takes a glass of sherry now and then."

He could be worse, Churchill rumbled, recalling an election he had lost to an opponent who was a prohibitionist.

Several nights later, wearing a strapless white Chantilly gown styled by Christian Dior, Mrs. Diefenbaker sat between Churchill and Harold Macmillan at the prime minister's dinner.

"Everyone seems very interested in the election," she remarked.

Mrs. D. recalls that Churchill replied: "Interested? Why wouldn't they be? It's the most important event since the end of the war!"

Several times in London Mrs. D. heard her new home in Ottawa referred to as "that house with the difficult dining room." On her return, in preparation for the Queen's visit, she had the room's red walls painted Wedgwood blue. "The dining room couldn't take any flowers but pale pink or white," she says, "and evening gowns invariably clashed with the walls." She was also aware, of course, that red is the Liberal Party's color and blue the Conservative's.

Mrs. D. spent hours with her steward, Don Longchamps, formerly steward at the parliamentary restaurant, on the menu for the Queen's dinner. At first they decided on wild duck, shot by friends in Prince Albert. Then, learning that the governor-general would serve duck, they switched to pheasant, with wild rice and a vegetable platter. "I knew the Queen was on a diet," says Mrs. D., "and I know how sick you can get of fancy foods. I tried to plan a menu (baked grapefruit, tomato consommé, creamed lobster, assorted Canadian cheese) that would be nice for the guests but not too hard on her."

On the day of the royal visit, twenty plain-clothes policemen swarmed through the house, searching closets, peering in vases, lifting rugs, chair cushions and pictures. A florist arranged pink roses

and snapdragons and the chef, on loan from Toronto's King Edward Hotel, made candied replicas of the Queen and Philip. The dinner went so well that the royal couple lingered, chatting, an hour after they were due to depart.

Mrs. D. is not awed by the harsh glare of greatness. During the state reception for the Queen in Ottawa, the prime minister spotted CBC commentator Maude Ferguson. "Well, Maudie," he said, "how are you?"

"Not very good," said Miss Ferguson, frankly. She'd been asked to attend unexpectedly, and, excited at being presented, had failed to notice what the Queen was wearing.

"Let's see," Diefenbaker said. "I think her dress has maple leaves on it, right about here." He described a circle around his middle. "No, let's see. Were they maple leaves?" He pondered, then found the solution. "We'll ask Olive. She always keeps calm."

Mrs. D. remains as self-possessed when attention is turned in her own direction. "I'm accustomed to public scrutiny," she once told a friend who asked how she thought she would mind having everything she did become a matter of public interest. "I was brought up in a parsonage. Whenever we got a new hat or dress people talked about it."

How to solve a problem

Her father, Charles Freeman, grew up in Canning, N.S., across the road from her mother, a cousin of billionaire Cyrus Eaton. Dr. Freeman's forebears were churchmen and teachers since landing at Plymouth Rock in 1620 (migrating to Nova Scotia a hundred and forty years later), and he too took up the nomadic life of a Baptist minister. Olive was born in Roland, Man. She went to school in Prince Albert, Sask., and studied at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon. There, in her father's church, she met a young law student, John Diefenbaker, just back from the war.

The Freeman children, three boys and two girls, learned to live well on little. Mrs. D. once said she never remembered her mother pulling "a poor mouth." Her father, a gentle scholar, taught them self-reliance. She recalls taking a problem to him one day for advice. Her father re-stated the problem. "I know that," she said. "What shall I do?" Her father outlined the problem again. Again she asked what to do. On the third time around she said, "Oh, for goodness' sake!" and made up her own mind. "I know now what he was doing," she says.

Olive left Saskatoon and came east to McMaster University in Hamilton where she received her BA; she then went to the Ontario College of Education. She taught high school in Huntsville and Guelph, then in 1933 married Harry F. Palmer, a Toronto lawyer. Three years later he died.

In 1936 jobs were scarce, and she had a two-year-old daughter, Carolyn, to support. She located a low-paid high-school post in Arthur, Ont., later moved to Owen Sound so her child could go to an up-to-date public school. There, her feeling that teachers should understand their pupils as well as their subjects drew her into a new movement called guid-

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Grant's

SCOTCH WHISKY

ance. She took a summer course taught by Howard Beattie at McMaster, and returned to Owen Sound determined to prove the significance of her training.

In one case she arranged for a very bright third-year boy to take fifth-year history. Within weeks he headed the class. She suggested he learn to speak better; he formed a three-boy speaking society. She suggested he start a club. "I don't like to push myself," he said. "That's just it," she said, "you don't have to push yourself." In his final year he was head of the student body. Impressed, the principal put her half-time on guidance.

In 1945 Beattie, by now head of the Ontario Department of Education's new guidance branch, asked her to join him in Toronto. She took frequent trips, persuading teachers to set up guidance classes, telling them how they could help keep youngsters from drifting out of school, how they could help them assess themselves, choose careers and train for them. At times even her ample energy was exhausted. Night after night she would drive home from whatever school she was working in, sometimes fifty miles or more each way, to be with her daughter.

She learned to speak, to hold her tongue, to handle all kinds of people. When Beattie clashed with the principal of a large school she offered to see him. "No," Beattie demurred. "He's a demon. A real dictator. He doesn't listen to anybody."

She insisted. Entering the principal's office she shook her finger at him. "Now look here," she said. "You're going to listen to me!"

They both laughed. The principal listened, and out of that talk came another guidance class.

The classes spread across Ontario. When Beattie was promoted in 1953 she was asked to become provincial director of guidance. But she had resumed the friendship broken off so long before with the beau of her Saskatoon days, John Diefenbaker, now a prominent politician, a recent widower, and a frequent visitor to Toronto. He, too, had made an offer and when the department pressed for her answer she broke the news: she was leaving to be married.

The marriage, friends think, has had much to do with Diefenbaker's recent success. Two years before, when his first wife, Edna, died, he had shut himself in his Chateau Laurier Hotel room and read the Bible from cover to cover. His marriage to Olive drew him out of himself. His composure returned. He began once more to enjoy people. He developed amazing political force. He even gained eight pounds on his grinding twenty-thousand-mile campaign last spring.

Olive shared his platform, scribbled notes when he missed a name and packed his suitcases. She backed his judgment in making parliament's supremacy an issue and is credited with his promise not to forget women.

Asked how she stood the strain, the missed meals, the lost sleep, she said, "If you roll with the ship it's good fun. People would tell me, 'It must be awful, hearing the same speech night after night.' It wasn't. Anything can happen at a political meeting. As John talks he can tell how it's going over. It's great fun seeing what variations he'll make on the prepared text."

She missed only six of his hundred and three speeches—when her daughter was giving birth to her first grandson, named John after Diefenbaker.

It was Mrs. D. who gave Allister Grosart, top Conservative tactician, the best regional anecdote of the campaign.

They were checking his list of interviews. "Newspaper women," she said, "keep asking me, 'What's your husband's favorite recipe?' I don't know. He's never told me. So the other day I said, 'John, you've got to tell me your favorite food.' He thought for awhile and finally said, 'Oh yes, I know. Potatoes.'" The story went over well when Grosart told it in Prince Edward Island.

At one luncheon in the Maritimes Mrs. D. ate lobster with seeming enjoyment, though lobster doesn't agree with her. Diefenbaker, a few seats down, leaned forward to note her achievement. "Have some more lobster, dear," he said, with mock solicitude.

"No thanks," she said smiling.

"There's lots more," he persisted.

"I could have killed him," she says.

The electronic eye of TV caught her composure, her grooming, but missed the warmth and astuteness of her politicking. Revenue Minister George Nowlan has called her "probably the best campaigner we had next to John." "As soon as the train stopped," a newspaperman recalls, "she'd be off. He'd go in one direction. She'd get her own group around her." "I'll vote for your John," countless women were overheard telling her.

She is usually up before seven-thirty for breakfast with her husband, who has taught her to eat heartily in the morning. Then the PM leaves for work, sometimes walking the first few blocks, with his chauffeur trailing him, and Mrs. D. sits down at her writing desk.

Writing in longhand, stopping to answer the unlisted telephone, she answers ten to twenty letters a day—requests for interviews, pictures, invitations to speak, to attend teas. Letters come from old friends and relatives ("Now they know where to write me"). People send encouragement ("Keep up the good work. We're praying for you"). Some offer admiration ("You're wonderful!"). Others want taxes cancelled, jobs abroad, senatorships. To those who want money she explains that she has no private funds,

no access to government funds for charity; but often she can suggest the proper agency to go to. Touched by a recent letter, she replied with ten pages of advice.

She likes cooking (her favorite present to young people getting married is a cookbook) but seldom has time to do more than check the menu. The steward deals with the staff: cook and cook's helper, the two maids, laundress, chauffeur and seamstress.

On her few free afternoons she takes in the House of Commons debates. More often she is the honored guest at a club tea or fashion show. For two days last month she had twelve invitations to open bazaars. "I try not to make dates, such as speaker of the evening, that I might have to break," she says. "Things can crop up suddenly in politics, and my first responsibility is to do what John wants."

The PM takes several trips a month and likes to take his wife with him. In forty-one hours last September they flew to Calgary, drove to Banff for a speech to the Bar Association, flew back to Ottawa, switched planes and roles (from party leader, whose party pays his fare, to national leader, with plane supplied) and flew east to speak at Dartmouth University, then Quebec City and home. On such trips she may shake a thousand hands.

Mrs. D. enjoys it, but traveling is hard on the big-brimmed hats that have become her trademark. It is said that if she has a minute she'll dash out and buy another hat. "That's not so," she says. "It takes a lot longer than that." Why does she wear such broad brims? "They suit me. Last year when hats went big I had a field day."

At home she wears cottons. She loves color, dislikes sports clothes or rough fabrics. "I like fine fabrics even for daytime clothes," she says. "And evening clothes can't be too glamorous."

She has definite views on most political issues but never airs them in public. She is very much aware that everything she says may be given a significance she

doesn't intend. "You talk more and more on the surface," she says. "Of course, that isn't true for my husband. He's been in politics all his life. He knows what he wants to say. Wives have to be more guarded. We don't make the decisions. It isn't our right to talk about political problems."

Recently, during dinner, a cabinet minister tried to draw her out on a current issue. Her noncommittal replies drew a hearty laugh from the PM, who had just briefed her thoroughly on the problem. "I told you she was safe," he told the minister.

In private and with wifely familiarity, she will sometimes correct her husband's opinions. "That's ridiculous," she has been heard to say. He solicits her opinion, as he does everyone else's, but he makes up his own mind and not even she can change it.

A minor example was the question of what should be worn at the opening of parliament. Evening clothes, as they do in London, Diefenbaker decided.

"But, dear, do we have to wear evening clothes here," Mrs. D. protested mildly, "just because they wear them in London?"

"We do."

"But, dear, women don't like to wear evening clothes in the afternoon—it makes you feel so bare," Mrs. D. turned for support to Mrs. Pearkes, the defense minister's wife, who was standing beside her.

"We're going to wear evening clothes," said Diefenbaker.

"I'm going to ask John to change his mind," Mrs. D. told Mrs. Pearkes. But when parliament opened, evening clothes were worn.

Mrs. Diefenbaker has little time to indulge her taste for classical music, painting, ballet, fiction and poetry. She says, "My recreation is what John likes"—and John likes none of these. He reads only fact. He has been to three movies in five years, one of which put him to sleep. His recreations are fishing and hunting. "When John gets his eye on a duck he departs from this world," says Mrs. D. "Out the car he'll go. I'll say, 'Shut the door, John.' He never hears me." She waits at the wheel, reading or knitting.

Their favorite evening is a quiet one in the pleasant second-floor sitting room where the chairs, newly slip-covered in patterned blue, are the kind a tired man can sink into. The PM seldom arrives home before seven. Often he has friends in tow. He still retains the habit, when someone calls him, of saying, "Where are you? Come on home for dinner." Sometimes he forgets to phone his wife and on one occasion recently she had to make do with bacon and eggs. Sundays, after church, they're at home to their friends. "I don't think on a week end that teapot's ever off," says one.

Diefenbaker frequently brings home a bulging briefcase. He works all over the house. The two maids follow him up with the portable TV, for he hates to miss the news, turning the radio on at the same time as the TV. For relief from work he watches the wrestling matches. Later the Diefenbakers set out a snack from the refrigerator in their tiny kitchenette adjoining the sitting room (usually cheese, crackers and milk) and another long day ends.

The prime minister takes pride in his wife, in the way she plays her role. She has changed the capital's social atmosphere in a few short months and added warmth to affairs of state. But how has the role of First Lady changed her?

"We have a saying in our family," she says. "All power corrupts." But I don't think either John or I will change. ★

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Oh, mummy! Santa brought me a great big Teddy bear!"

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



VACATIONING TREMBLAYS at breakfast in bed at a Toronto hotel.

The story that put the Tremblays on wheels

The people we write about in Maclean's are usually affected in some way by our stories about them. Some are driven to attempt to horsewhip the editor; others find that the resultant publicity brings them minor rewards. Few, however, have been accorded the kind of reception that was the lot of the Tremblay family, of Alma, Que., after our article about them in our Sept. 28 issue.

The Tremblays, you'll recall, are the family with the six surviving sets of twins. Soon after our piece was published, the United Tire Sales brought the whole shebang (eighteen in all) to Toronto for a six-day holiday. It was the first time the kids had been away from home.

Accompanied by a nurse and public-relations officers, and traveling in a special Greyhound bus, the Tremblays saw all the sights.

They had breakfast in bed, visited Casa Loma (Mrs. T. said it was just large enough to house the family), appeared twice on TV and once on radio, saw Niagara Falls, lunched in Buffalo, accepted gifts of baby food, soap, biscuits and canned goods, drank fifteen quarts of milk a day (supplied free, of course), posed for newsreels and chatted for an hour and a half with Cardinal McGuigan.

The public-relations people tell us that the affair was a big success—they think. The kids didn't say too much and turned down most of the unfamiliar foods, such as lobster and cream pie. United Tire offered Papa Tremblay a job as salesman, and he was grateful for that, but it's doubtful if he'll take it. It involves traveling and, with a family that size, he's reluctant to stay away from home, even for a night.



SIGHTSEEING TREMBLAYS—18 in all—visit Niagara Falls with Harry Sherkin (pointing), who treated the family to a six-day holiday.



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Parade

A very hip Christmas to all

That joyous season is upon us when the Christmas carolers at the door almost drown out the Christmas singing commercials on the radio. Reminds us of last year when teen-age songsters drew warm thanks in Ferris, Ont., with their singing of Silent Night, but were taken aback when the enthusiastic householder asked

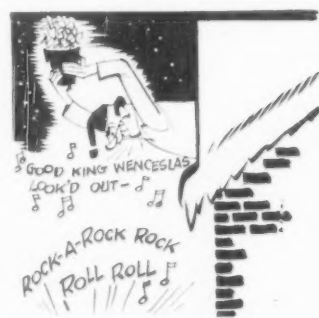
the bottom of his locker, and there they remained until term's end in June. It was soon after that when friends began congratulating the family for getting their cards out early.

* * *

Fourteen-year-old Lenny finished the handsome wooden paper knife that was to be dad's Christmas gift, at his last manual-training class before school closed in Toronto. Because Lenny had a music lesson his eleven-year-old brother Bruce took it home for him, but on the way he tripped and broke the knife. Mother comforted Bruce, said no one need ever know, and got out the glue can. Later while the gift was being Christmas wrapped, six-year-old Peter picked it up admiringly, stumbled and broke it. So mother got out the glue can again, comforting Peter that no one need ever know. Christmas dawned without further incident until father unwrapped the gift, dropped it and stepped on it. With which mother quit trying to keep tragedy a secret, but cheerfully got out the glue can.

* * *

Three-year-old George was taken to the Christmas tree party given by his father's employers in Hamilton, Ont., and as Santa started to distribute the gifts mother coached her toddler, "When Santa calls, 'Georgie Brown,' you must go up with the other children and he



for an encore. "That's the only carol we know," explained their leader gamely, "but we could let you have a little rock 'n' roll."

* * *

It was a chilly evening for outdoor entertainers so carolers in Port Credit, Ont., were delighted to be invited into one home for a hot drink. The hospitable head of the house ushered them down the hallway to the foot of the stairs and said, "If you'll just sing right here for a few minutes you should have those kids of mine asleep by the time I have the cocoa ready. When their mother's out I can never make them settle down."

* * *

In Kamloops, B.C., a real estate and insurance dealer spent an entire evening on his Christmas window display last year. He created a miniature village complete with tiny houses, a church, Santa on a roof and billowing drifts of cotton snow. Finally he plugged in a colored floodlight—with which there was a bright flash, a crackle, and a cloud of smoke, as a short circuit brought disaster. Sadly viewing the singed houses and scorched snowbanks, he drew a sign which he taped on his soot-stained show window: "Have you got fire insurance?"

* * *

A Windsor, Ont., family has discovered a way of making sure their Christmas cards are mailed good and early. They gave their whole bundle of cards to their high-school-age son to mail. He was in such a rush to get to school he forgot to mail them so put them in



will give you a present." George turned around on her lap and said, "But I'm not Georgie Brown—I'm Gene Autry."

* * *

A store in St. Thomas, Ont., had its premises aglitter with gift merchandise and displays to entice Christmas shoppers last year, but enticed instead a midnight marauder who smashed a big window and made quite a hassle of things inside. When police finally cornered the invader in the cellar and discovered it to be a deer that had somehow wandered into town and jumped through the window, the proprietor made the best of it. "Santa's reindeer paid us a visit!" shouted a newspaper ad next day. "He couldn't believe we had so many lovely gifts for Christmas so he came to see them for himself."

for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.

Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 21, 1957



In Newfoundland

FIRST EAST-WEST ROAD LINK IS IN SIGHT

The Trans-Canada Highway has a special significance in Newfoundland. More than just a link in the great chain that will span the continent, it will be the province's first east-west road connection—the first Trans-Newfoundland Highway!

Work has progressed to the point where it is now possible to motor from Port aux Basques, in the southwest corner of the province, to a point 35 miles east of Gander, site of the large international airport. From this point south to Port Blandford, where the road continues on to St. John's, a 25-mile stretch of land is covered by Canadian National Railways' rail-auto ferry service.

During 1957, provincial authorities pushed work ahead on this stretch. In addition, a section of the Trans-Canada in Terranova National Park (shown above) is being constructed by the Federal Government. Plainly, Newfoundland's goal of road travel over the full 587-mile span of the big island is in sight.

Another vital project in Newfoundland's forward-looking highway program is relieving the isolation of many small communities. Since 1949, the province has brought road communications to some 150 settlements with a total population of 50,000 where no road existed previously.

More and better roads are in Newfoundland's future. They will be necessary for the province to exploit its immense natural resources in minerals and great stands of valuable timber. It will not be easy, or inexpensive, to build them. But here, as throughout Canada, good roads will continue to *save* far more than they cost—in lives, time and money.

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